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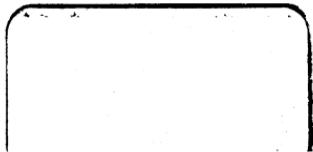
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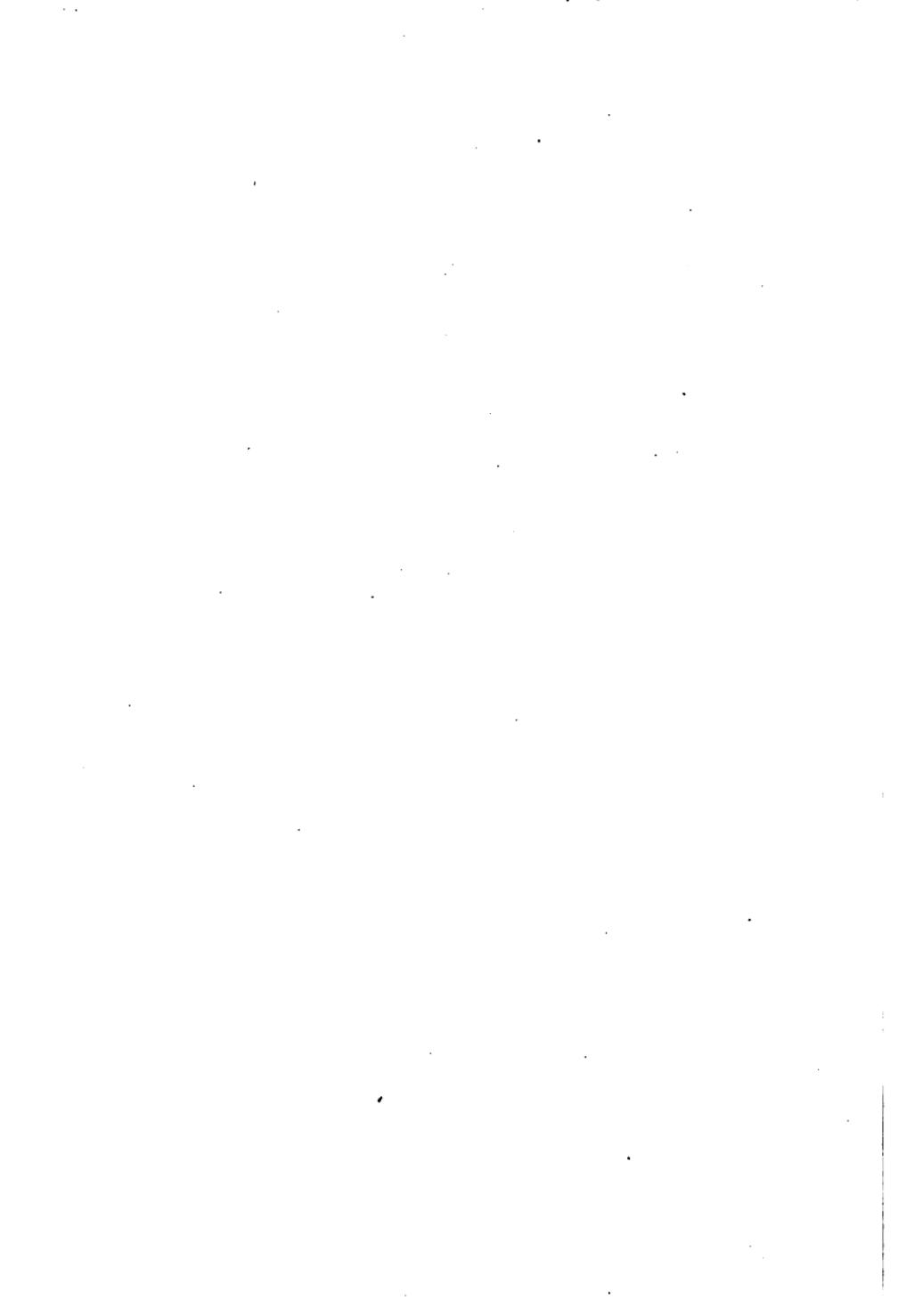
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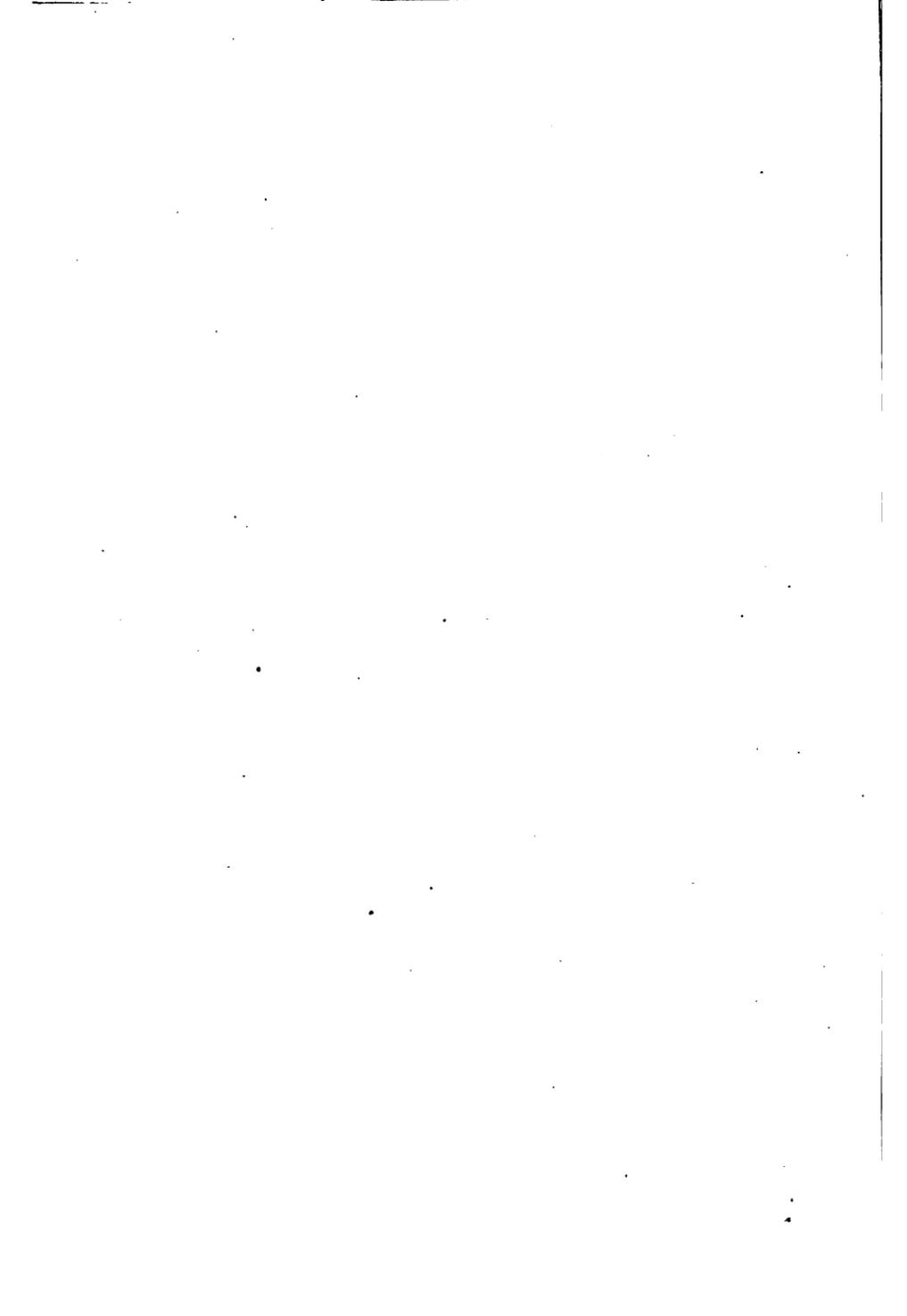
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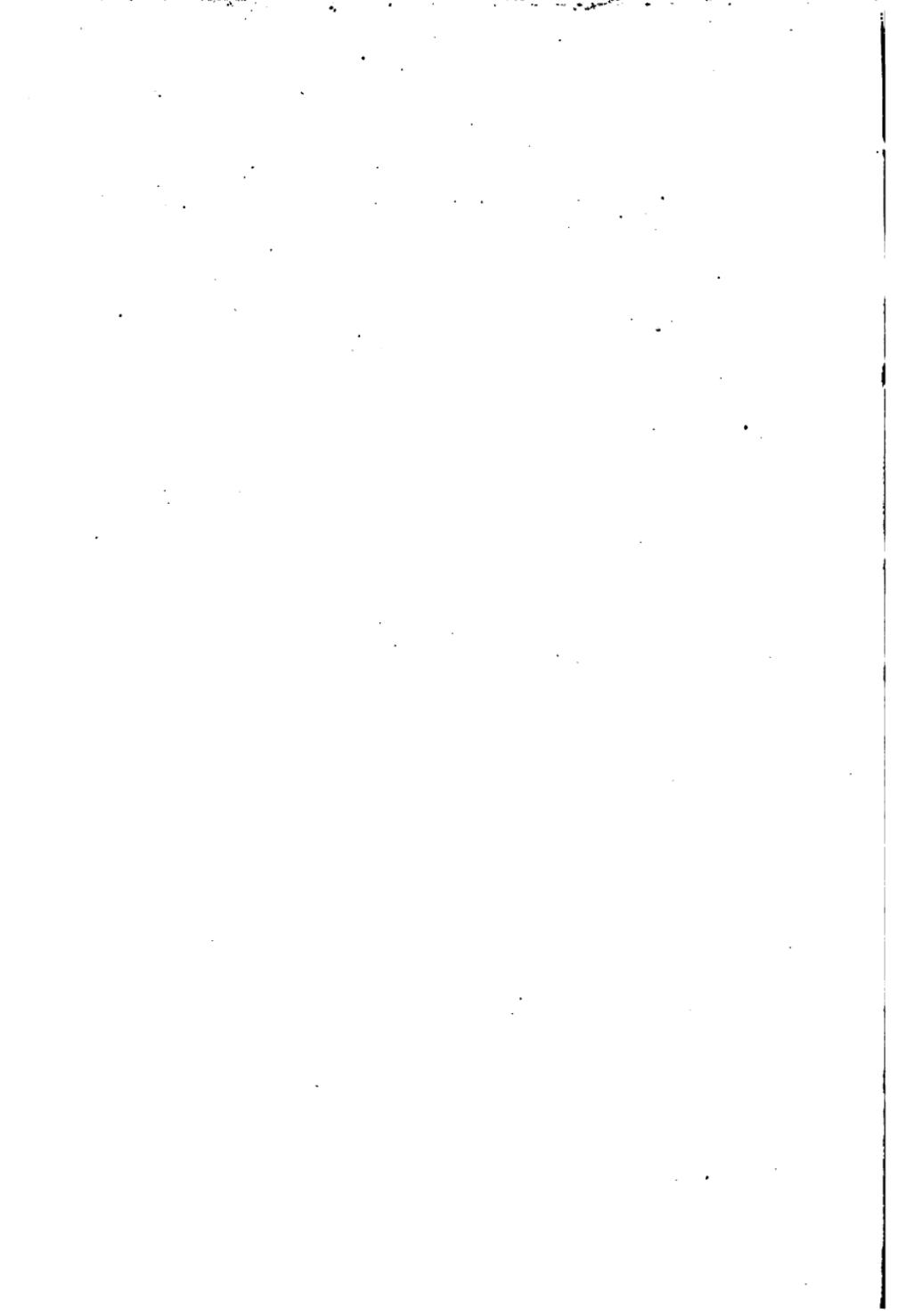


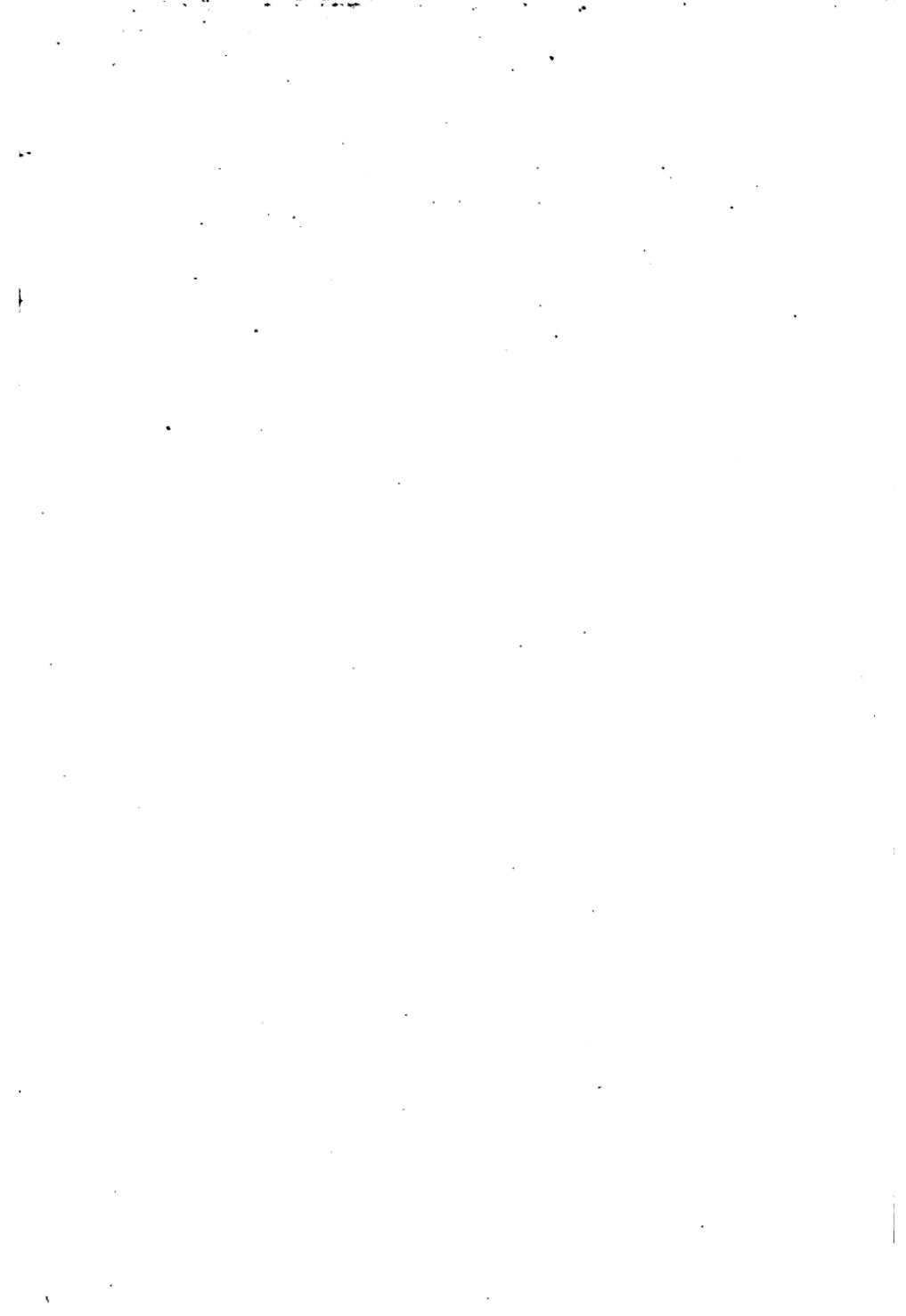






Parisians out of Doors







PARISIANS OUT OF DOORS

By F. BERKELEY SMITH

Author of "The Real Latin Quarter," "How Paris Amuses Itself," etc.



ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR AND OTHER ARTISTS

WITH A WATER-COLOR FRONTISPICE

BY

F. HOPKINSON SMITH

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY

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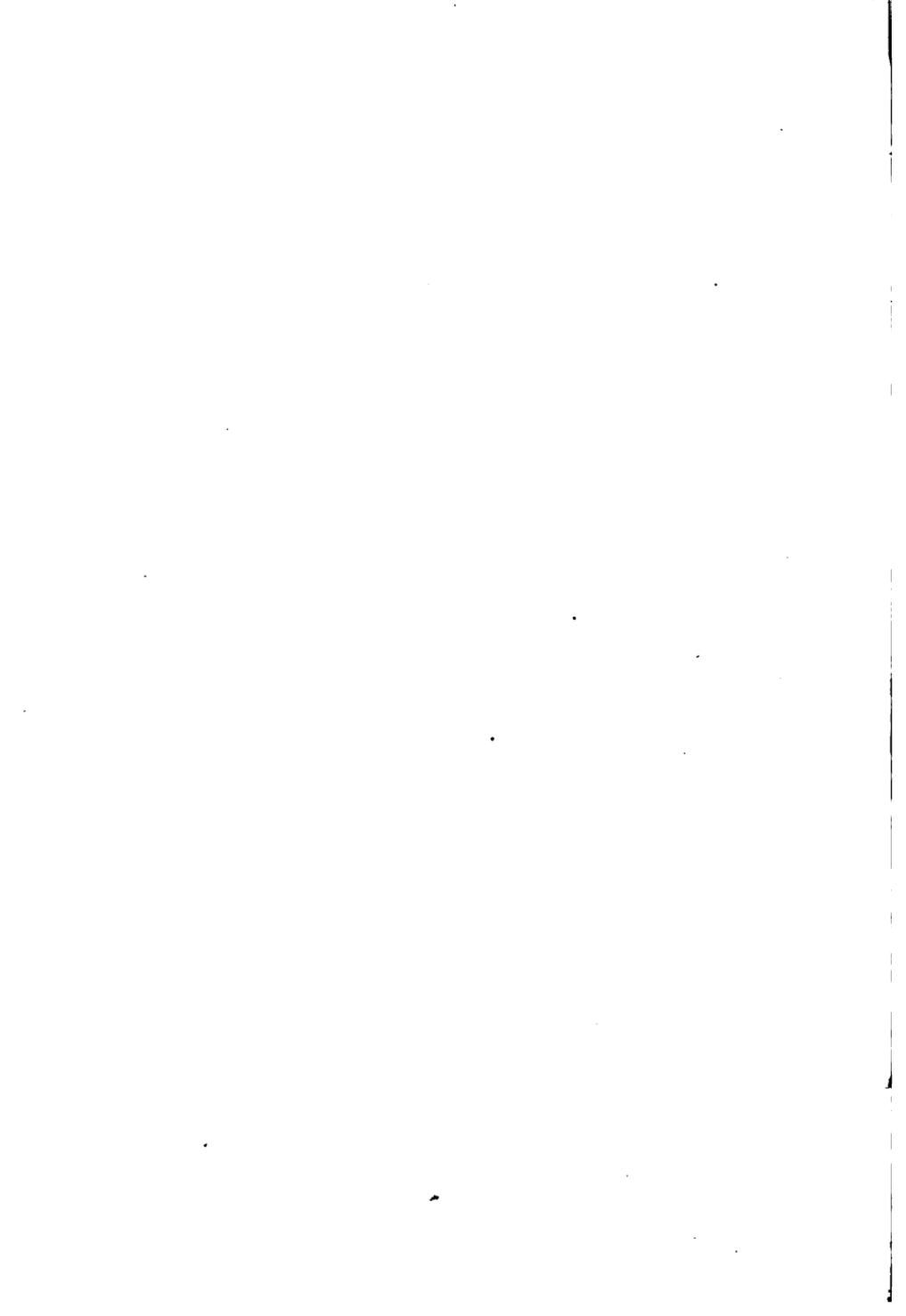
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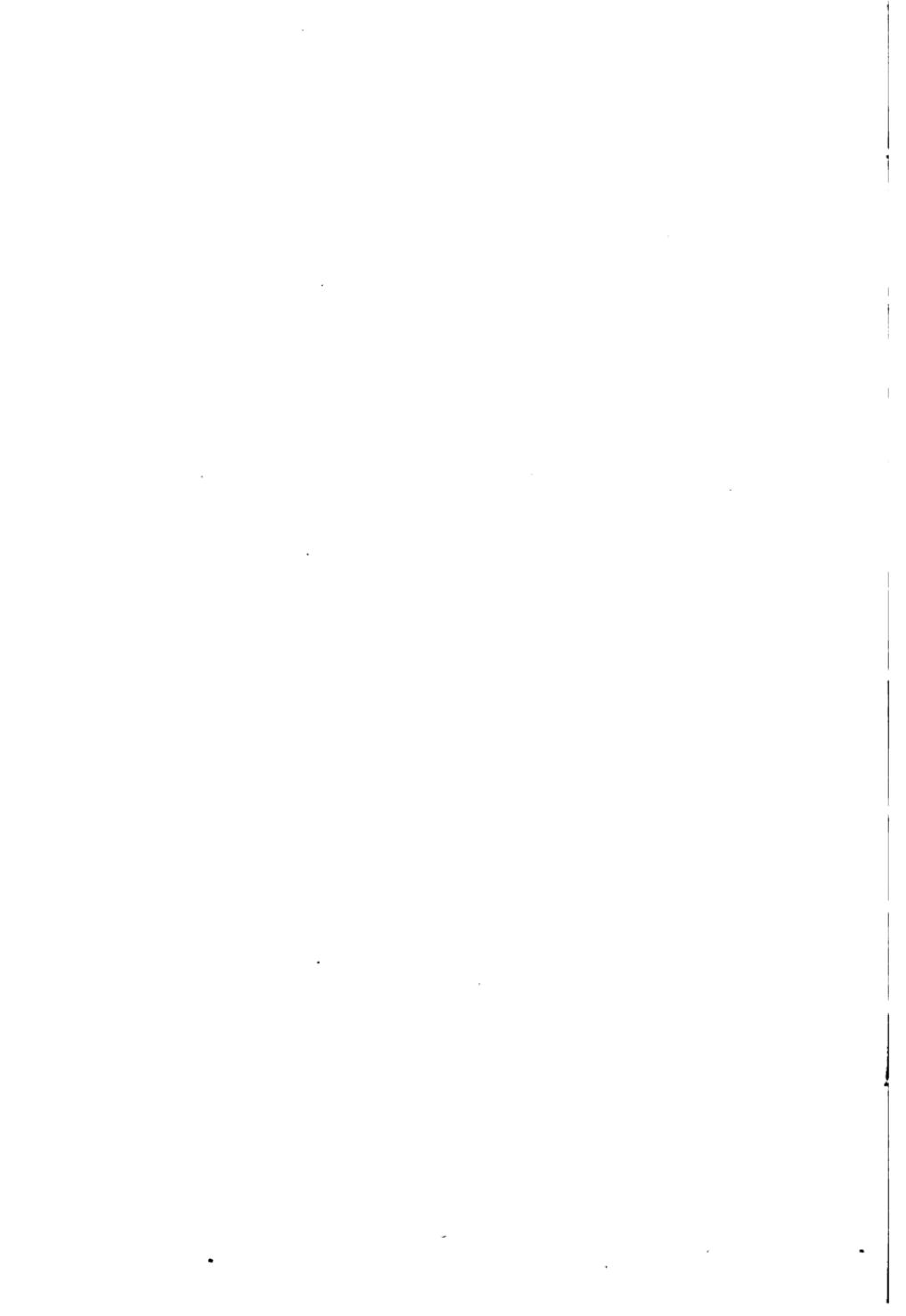
To
The dearest Parisienne I know—
My Wife

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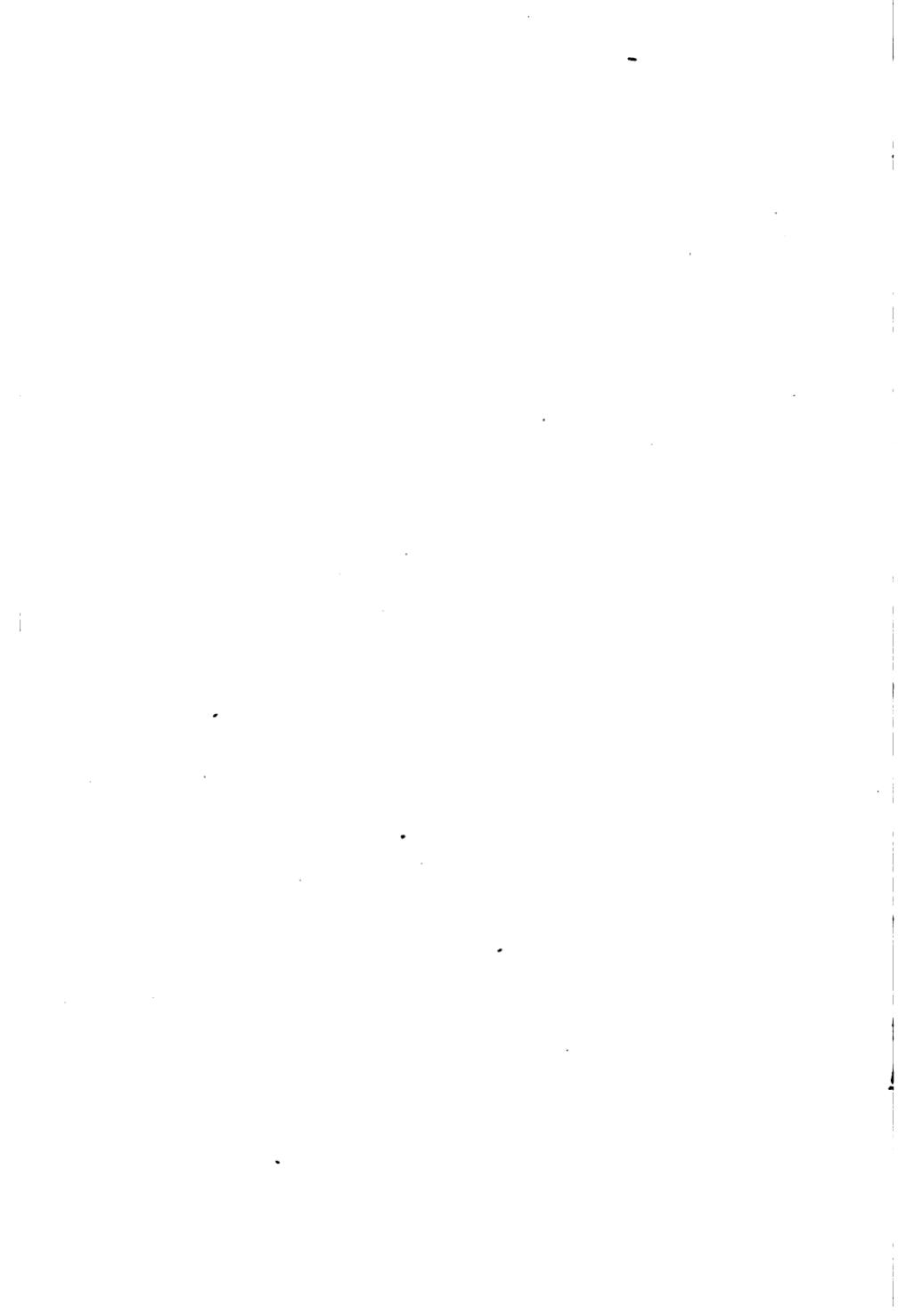


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Introduction



Introduction



A BELLE France is blue and gold this spring day.

Paris lies sparkling in the sun, a superbly cut jewel, in an Arcadian setting of feathery green woods veined by rivers, silver in the morning and golden at twilight; a setting of blossoming orchards and sunny,

wavy fields gay in poppies, of kingly forests and terraced parks, studded with sculpture and embroidered in flowers.

There are cozy sylvan nooks by the score to be merry in, and roads as white and hard as a beach for one's automobile leading to them. This network of highways and byways, sentinelled by sturdy rows of poplars, runs to the frontier or to the sea.

Parisians out of Doors

The French are instinctively an out-of-doors-loving people. Life in the open air means to them nine-tenths of the joy of living. Every spare hour is by the majority of Parisians spent out-of-doors. The country is their cherished Mecca for a holiday, and the café terrace in town a universal refuge from the average home of the masses, nine-tenths of whose domicils are dark, ill-ventilated apartments, stuffed with furniture; or garret-rooms, tucked away beneath the leaden roofs and the chimney-pots, insufferably hot in summer, and as cold as the interior of a refrigerator in winter.

Parisians, proverbially, never sleep with their windows open; yet you will find them dining at the little tables in front of the restaurants throughout the four seasons of the year, often during days and nights blustering and chilly enough to make us Anglo-Saxons turn our collars up and hurry home to a crackling fire.

Outdoor sport appeals to the Frenchman through his imagination and his love of excitement.

When he goes in for automobiling, or ballooning, or athletics, or racing, he flies at his new-found hobby with an *esprit* and a fervor that are

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startling. He will take bodily risks which a sane American would stop and think twice over. With this dare-devil enthusiasm, outdoor sport in France to-day has gained a popular and almost universal interest, which year by year increases.

The day after the great race of the Grand Prix at Longchamps, all of smart Paris is supposed to be packing their trunks for a round of fashionable gaiety. Despite this superannuated and somewhat despotic decree of fashion, the Avenue des Acacias in the Bois de Boulogne is still crowded in the afternoon with those who have lingered to enjoy these spring days, when Paris is looking her loveliest. And how lovely she can look!

Clean, and spick and span, the Champs-Élysées, glittering in equipages, the Bois de Boulogne a fairyland—every nook and corner of this paradise of a city is full of pleasure-loving people, to whom life seems ever young.

Before long, the season at Trouville will be at its height; and, at its height, Trouville is gay enough to please the most fastidious. Trouville is very much like a French Manhattan Beach. It is expensive, bizarre, and common; but, like

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everything French, it possesses a gaiety, and that still rarer quality—charm. With the crisp days of autumn and the falling leaves, the châteaux of the nobility are filled with guests for the shooting season, and the country-seats of the *nouveaux riches* with house parties. Few look forward to the hunting season with more enthusiasm than do Parisians.

At this season the railway stations are thronged with hunters with their guns and dogs. Fiacres are rattling up to the stations these crisp September mornings, with fat messieurs looking the part of the true sportsmen one sees portrayed in the gun catalogs.

The old exquisite who sat in front of me the night before at the *Théâtre des Variétés* and continually raised a tiny, pearl-mounted opera-glass, that he might not lose for an instant each sylph-like pose of a certain blond figurante in the ballet, is now transformed into a rugged and blustering old hunter, leading a pair of sleek pointers; while a porter follows behind him, with his traps containing all the things he thinks he will need, including two weighty cartridge-cases, with enough shells in each to withstand a siege. Having that very morning had the good fortune

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to part from his wife for his annual hunt, he assumes a brisk and genial manner, appropriate to a citoyen who can count annually upon being free from his domestic ties for a fortnight, to go a-hunting—an event to him of such insistent and signal importance that history fails to record a single instance of a wife tyrannical enough to protest against this annual vacation. Madame would as soon dare put her pretty foot within the door of his club as to raise an objection. It is extraordinary in Paris how much this season means to many ardent hearts. It is the season of romance as well as hunting.

“Light of my life!” sighs in despair the wooer of Madame, as their hands clasp over the tea-cups of her dearest friend. “Ah, Hortense, how am I to live without you for seven long months?”

“You forget the hunting season, *cheri*,” she murmurs, with perfect sang-froid.

December finds the *monde* back in Paris. Society is indoors now for a short period, giving elaborate soirées, receptions, balls, dinners, and theater parties, until it is high time to leave for the Riviera, to risk one's fortune at Monte

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Carlo, and play high carnival at Nice, with its smartness, its luxurious dresses, its pretty women, gambling barons, idle counts, and seasoned old beaux.

Again it is spring. In a few days there will be another Grand Prix, and, as usual, the fashionable world will gather at the Gare St. Lazare, congratulate themselves on being alive, and buy a first-class ticket for Trouville.

It is surprising how smartly they reappear, smiling and renovated annually for this season at the seaside.

The Trouville express is so animated this morning that one might mistake it for a special train departing to a transatlantic liner. The prettiest of costumes are in evidence, for the Parisienne is beautifully gowned and the pink of neatness when she travels, from her new chapeau to the tips of her shining patent-leather shoes. Even "Moustique," her favorite spaniel, has a new basket for the journey. The crowd about the train is like that at some smart reception. How they chatter!

"Good-by, mademoiselle!"

"*Au revoir, monsieur!*"

"*Les voyageurs en voiture!*" roars excitedly

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the red-faced *chef de gare*, with the importance of a general in action.

“*Au revoir*, Félicie; *au revoir*, Gaston. We shall meet again soon! Thursday, eh? I will run down in the automobile,” he whispers, in her small, pink ear, “and we’ll lunch at Dives.”

“*En voiture*,” bellows the *chef de gare*, purple with importance.

A duke is running from the buffet with a basket of peaches for Ninette and a pint of warm champagne.

The compartments are filled with roses; the scent of expensive perfume fills the narrow corridors of the train; white waistcoats of old beaux gleam at the windows.

“Bah!” bleats meekly the horn of a hurrying official.

“Toot! Toot!” echoes the engine whistle.

The doors of the carriages are slammed shut. Little gloved hands are waving farewells; a cloud of steam, and they are gone!

“Ah! *quel voyage!*” to go as far from Paris as Trouville! Four hours in the train! Mon Dieu! It is nearly out of France!

Moustique is asleep on the lap of his mistress in compartment number 4. He wears a tiny

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chest-protector of gray suède kid, studded with real turquoises, and, beneath his nervous little jowls, is a tiny pocket, and within it is tucked a lace handkerchief embroidered with his monogram. His mistress has just moistened it with cologne.

Monsieur is snoring.

And yet there are none, even among the poorest in France, who has not his or her season also. It may be only to go for a day under the trees at Robinson or St. Germain; or it may be just such a little box of a place to run away to as my friend Villemont the painter has just become the proud possessor of. It is at Valmondois; I have not seen it yet, but Villiers tells me there is a shade-tree in a corner of the garden, and cool woods surrounding his castle; and that upon moonlight nights the tiny forest is indescribably beautiful. Villemont came to my café in raptures over it.

“Think of it!” he cried. “There are thirty trains a day to my paradise! Alicette is like a child out there, she is so happy!” And he rushed for his train.

Or your Arcadia may be no more pretentious than a reedy fishing corner, hidden along the

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bank of the Marne, where, during your laziest days, you may fall asleep waiting for some foolish little fish to wriggle up and swallow your hook; and if he does not, what does it matter? In France no one is in a hurry.

In the Bois de Boulogne, long after night has fallen, you will often pass whole families seated in some grassy nook picnicking, with perhaps a single candle burning in the midst of the jolly party, to distinguish, by its flickering flame, the chicken from the sausage and the bottle of Graves from the Burgundy. And what a feast and an all-day romp they have had, with no policeman to bellow at them and no signs to warn them to keep off the grass!

The feast itself (and you may be sure it was an ample and goodly one) was purchased that very morning out of the push-carts in their *quartier*, after considerable bargaining on the part of the fat mamma, and the wise discretion and good sense of the pretty *fiancée* of the thrice-happy young man, in whose honor this long, jolly day in the Bois has been given.

On Sundays and fête days the city is alive with automobiles of every type, odor, and description, en route for the country, from the

Parisians out of Doors

gray, torpedo-like trunk of some new racer out for a trial spin, to a gilt-levered, blue-enameled, sixty-horse-power monster, provisioned with *pâté de foie gras* and a special *brut champagne*.

From my balcony is seen a balloon from Vincennes, rapidly driven by a stiff breeze north-east. It is no bigger in the sky than an amber bead. You can just make out, against its sphere of glistening, varnished silk, the network of cords and the tiny car suspended beneath, from which falls at intervals a faint stream of dust, the contents of a sand-bag, sending the amber bead still higher under the dome of turquoise sky, until it becomes a mere speck and disappears in the direction of the *Gare de Lyon*.

Who are its intrepid passengers, I wonder? The Count and Countess de —, or M. — and the Baron G—? Yes, it is quite possible. I have already seen four balloons of the members of the Areo Club start this morning.

Where will they land?

Where mightn't they land!

I shudder to think of it. All of them to-day have slipped up to that sickening height, above the wind.

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If you would see France out of doors, I can not give you happier counsel than to take a holiday and follow the Parisian. If he owns an automobile, this fair land of France is to him an open book, in which he knows a thousand rural paradises, unknown to the stranger.

If he is a good Parisian—and I am speaking of the best type—you will find him a good fellow. He enjoys that which is purely pastoral as well as that which vibrates with gaiety. He is one of those wise philosophers who believe in living while alive; no one better than he knows the charm of life.

He is an adventurer, a lover of sport, and a punctiliously fair opponent. His mind is ever alert to subtle humor, to the beautiful and the romantic. You do not have to explain things to a Frenchman; his intuition is his sixth sense.

He can rough it, too, for his army service has taught him democracy and good-fellowship.

The chauffeur of my friend the baron is pounding at my studio door:

“The Baron presents his compliments, and begs Monsieur to be quick, or we shall be late

Parisians out of Doors

for the *Fête des Fleurs*." Thus he begins, hurriedly doffing his cap as I pull the latch. .

I poke my head out of the swing pane of my skylight. The baron is fuming good-naturedly, his bushy beard bristling under his goggled mask. The automobile is full of roses for the battle of flowers.

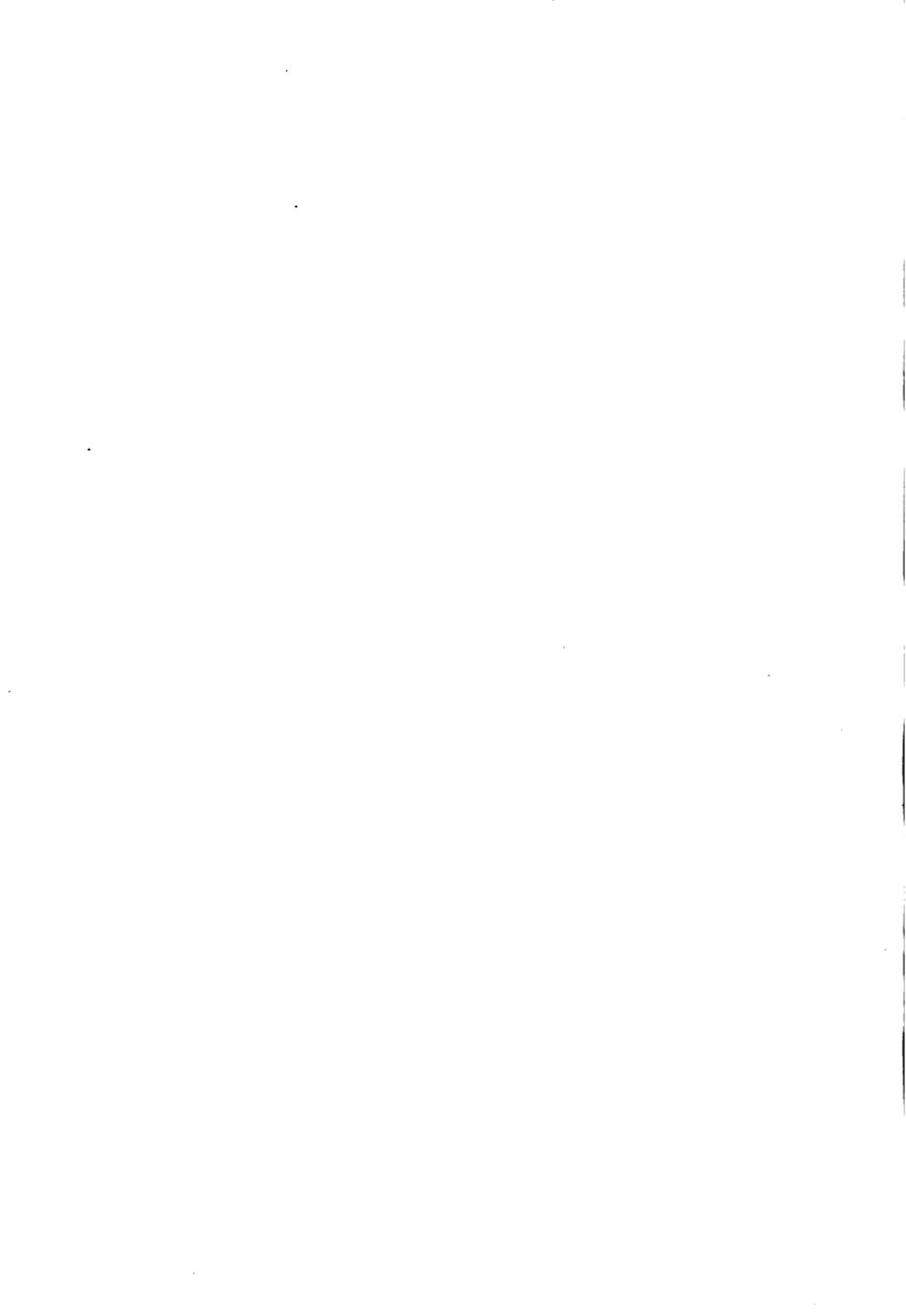
"Ah! sapristi! there you are!" he shouts, as he catches sight of me. "Hurry up! Do you hear, you lazy fellow? Vite, dépêchez-vous! I must stop for Madame X—— and her little niece on the way."

I dive into my holiday clothes.

Five minutes later we are snorting and zipping through the maze of traffic en route for the Bois.

CHAPTER I

Some Parisian Sundays





CHAPTER I

Some Parisian Sundays

YOU may go to the Fête des Fleurs in a common fiacre or in your own coupé, dogcart, or victoria, with your favorite black cob half smothered in pink and white peonies, the wheels of your carriage wound in jacqueminot roses, and run an even chance of winning, as a first or second prize, a hideous embroidered banner of blue or yellow satin; or you may, like thousands of others, rent a chair for a few sous for the afternoon along the Avenue des Acacias, in the Bois de Boulogne, and watch the endless chain of flower-decked carriages pass and repass for hours.

Yesterday all of Paris went to the Fête des Fleurs, where a score of celebrities competed for the banners.

It was difficult to decide whether the phaeton

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of the *première danseuse* of the Opéra was more attractively done, in yellow daisies, than the victoria of La Belle Otéro; or whether the pony-cart, trimmed in la France roses and driven by a star of the Opéra Comique, was prettier than the coupé of the Baroness E—. To-day the fête continues, and, as it is Sunday and a holiday, it is distinctly a fête for the populace.

Besides, it is the first Sunday in June and the Bois is looking its best. The air is heavy with the fragrance of the acacia-trees in full blossom.

The famous Avenue des Acacias has been transformed into a veritable bower for the fête. Turquoise blue poles, emblazoned with the flag of the République and the arms of France, are placed at intervals along the route, as far as one can see, and garlands of flowers are festooned above the roadbed.

At other intervals along the line are stationed a double line of mounted dragoons, in shining cuirass and helmet.

Along the curb are massed for sale the ammunition for the battle of flowers—peonies, pinks, roses, and daisies in solid, even piles, as high as one's head.

In the cool woods, back of the line of chairs,



PUNCH AND JUDY AT A CHARITY FETE

Parisians out of Doors

half a dozen military bands play alternately. Thousands have seated themselves in every available chair along the curb.

Final orders are being hurriedly given by the chiefs of police, by the management, and by the military officers in command. It is no ordinary little garden party, this *Fête des Fleurs*. It is an event.

Up by the pigeon-shooting club, the low iron shed has been converted into the judges' stand —a musty-looking box furnished with a flowered carpet, maroon-velvet-covered chairs, and a solemn-looking table, upon which repose six bottles of red wine and seven tumblers, with which to drink the health of those fortunate enough to win the blue and yellow satin banners. Adjoining the judges' stand is another of similar dimensions, containing a velvet-covered sofa, a small table, and a vase of flowers. Just what this salon of repose was needed for, I did not know. The crowd in front of it looked at it somewhat with awe. Later I discovered it to be the salon of repose for the judges.

The crowd cheers! The battle of flowers has begun! Brawny flower-women and vendors in *casquettes* are rushing hither and thither among

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the carriages, selling fragrant bunches of ammunition. The battle rages furiously.

An open barouche passes, tied with pink chiffon, decorated in a salad of drooping field posies. It is occupied by two heavily powdered ladies of doubtful age. Next comes a fat cheese merchant and his family, drawn by the faithful horse who has that very morning risen early to deliver the camembert and petit Suisse, and who is now harnessed to a spick and span yellow dogcart hired for the day. The jolly old cheese merchant is driving; the equally fat and red-faced mamma is steaming in geniality, after, you may be sure, a good *déjeuner*; and the little cheeses are sorting bouquets heaped on their laps and screaming in glee.

Ah! at last a smart carriage advances which seems quite out of place among the rest. The woman within it is gracious, refined, and very beautiful. Her little girl, whose baby curls are peeping from beneath a quaint black silk bonnet, is having a beautiful time pelting a little boy in a blue velvet suit, passing at that moment in the landau of his grandmamma.

The bands play, the sun shines, sifting through the fragrant blossoms of the acacias.

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A pretty little *modiste* and her sister are beside me. They are having a jolly flirtation with a handsome mounted dragoon, the heels of whose horse are within a foot of my chair.

The bold dragoon glances shyly beneath his helmet, and returns the badinage of the two



A SUNNY AFTERNOON

girls sotto voce. He is having a good time, too, this bold dragoon.

Suddenly his horse sneezes.

“Oh!” cries the younger of the two girls; “he’s got a cold, poor beast! Hold on; I have something for his throat.”

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She dives into a hidden pocket of her petticoat and produces a peppermint drop, which the afflicted steed promptly eats out of her plump little hand and straightway sniffs for more; but, unfortunately, just at this moment there is a



REFRESHMENTS IN THE BOIS

distant sound of clattering hoofs down the line. Instantly the bold dragoon becomes as rigid as bronze. The two little *modistes* still continue to tease him, seeing that he is now quite helpless to give them tit for tat; while they giggle and chaff, his eyes remain as immovable as the shi-

Parisians out of Doors

ning rivets in his cuirass, until the officer of the day has cantered by. Only then does the bold dragoon resume his flirtation.

And so the afternoon goes by.

The Baronne de Chocolat has thrown a bunch of forget-me-nots at the head of the Comtesse de Quincaillerie. The twins of the Duchesse du Bon Marché have nearly wriggled themselves over the edge of their break, in a frantic effort to regain a handful of bedraggled pinks that have just rebounded from the hat of the Marquise de Volaille (a hoople of wire covered with a fluff of champagne-colored gauze and surmounted with a whole parrot).

“ Bah! what a common lot!” murmurs an old beau at my elbow.

Mademoiselle Gabrielle de Vere, of the Folies Bergères, passes in her victoria with three young men. Mademoiselle is pretty beneath that canopy of white lilacs. She seems to be enjoying the distinction of her smart turnout hugely; but then you must remember it is Sunday and Mademoiselle was once a *blanchisseuse de fin* herself.

Half an hour later an almost invisible fog has settled over the Fête des Fleurs. The sky has

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a greenish leaden tinge; ominous grumblings have already started half the crowd out of their chairs, and sent them hurrying by short cuts through the wooded alleys in search of a sheltering café or a fiacre at the entrance of the Bois. One is as difficult to obtain as the other. The downpour has commenced in earnest. The Café d'Armenonville is jammed to the doors with those seeking shelter; so is the Châlet of the Touring Club. Those who have arrived first are now in possession of every available chair or substitute for one.

It is pouring in torrents. Those who can not find a chair are standing packed like sardines in the café, which has become stifling with heat. Others are huddled together in groups, under cover of the oldest trees in the café garden. And yet every one is good-natured and polite, even during this ruin of spring hats and dresses. The women are laughing over this unfortunate end of the day, and tucking their skirts voluminously about them after the manner of the French, letting their petticoat take the brunt of the storm.

When the rain lets up there is another rush for the Porte Maillot and a fiacre. But here real trouble begins.

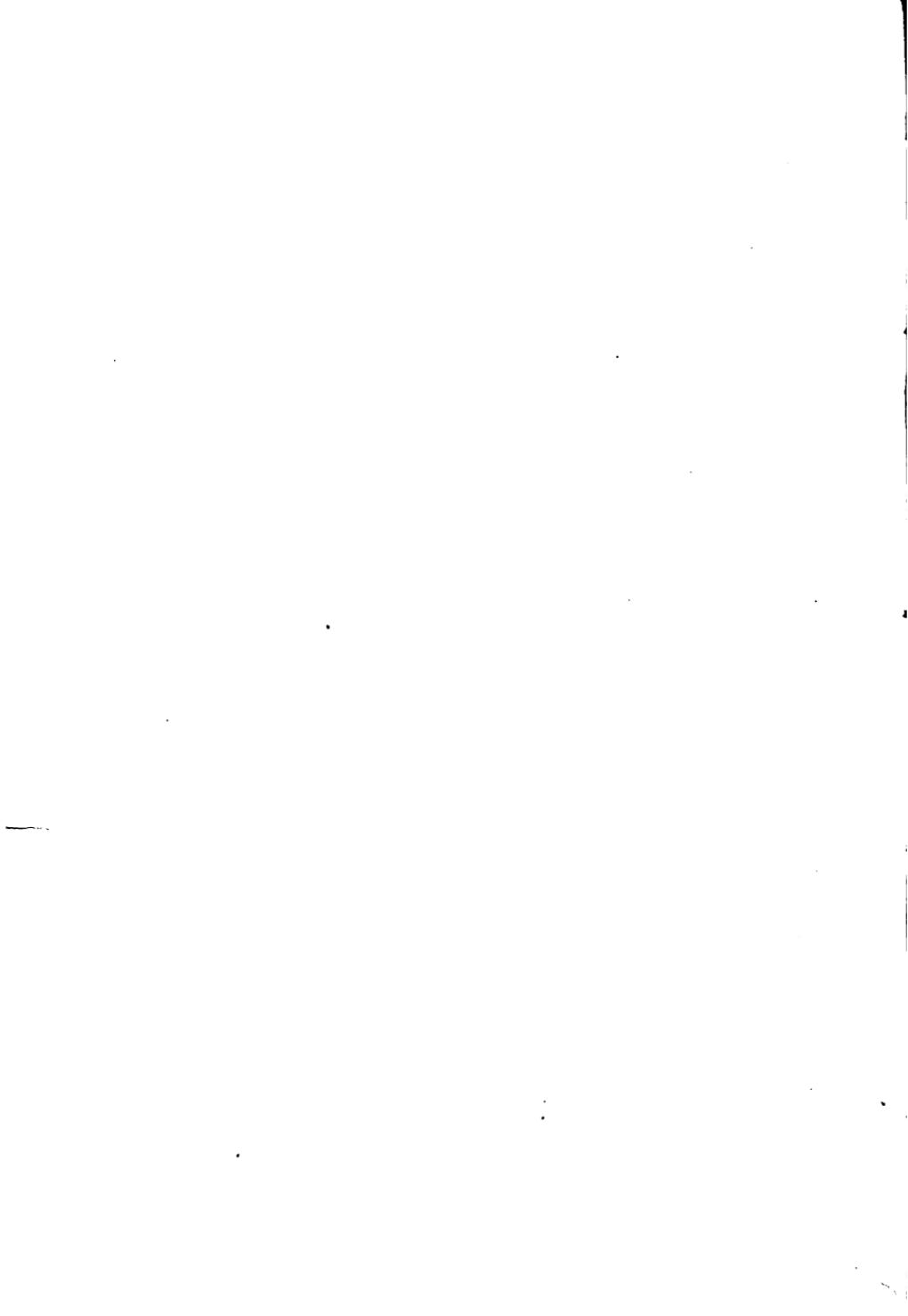
Parisians out of Doors

There are scores of fiacres just outside of the gates. They prowl by you at a snail's pace. With the rain and the demand prices have risen. The pirates who are driving them crack their whips and leer at your signal of command or distress, while your child, your wife, or your sweetheart is getting thoroughly drenched. The worm has found a splendid opportunity to turn; and turn he does, with that *finesse* of surly, grumbling insolence that is bred in the bone of a Paris *cocher*. Should he be in line at his cab-stand, he would by law be forced to take you; should he refuse, and you appeal to the nearest policeman, who forces him to accept you as a passenger, he crawls again at a snail's pace to your destination, to get even. He knows a hundred exasperating tricks to be rid of you; and if it so happens that the passenger is a lady alone, this ruffian on the box has been known to vent upon her all the Parisian Billingsgate at his command during the length of the course. Bring this matter to the attention of the police, and you will be directed to a barrack-like structure of vast proportions opposite Notre Dame. There, up two flights of stairs, at the end of a gloomy stone corridor, is a large



[Drawn by G. de Gyllenhammar]

“IN SEARCH OF A SHELTERING CAFE”



Some Parisian Sundays

room whose walls are pigeon-holed as profusely as a safe-deposit vault. There a staff of superior clerks and assistants are busily writing. On the door to this room is inscribed, in large letters, "Complaints against Cochers." Having sent your complaint in writing to this important-looking bureau, you are assured that the matter will be investigated and that you will get a reply to your letter within six weeks!

There are some good *cochers* in Paris, I know, but nine hundred out of a thousand ought long ago to have gone to jail.

The Parisian treats the *cocher* with contempt. He will stand none of his insolence. His tips to him are exceedingly small, and gaged to a sou according to his services; and for this he expects him to serve him promptly and without comment. It is only we foreigners, with sometime impossible French, who give him too generously from our purse, and are robbed and grumbled at in turns for our pains.

This spirit of highway robbery underlies nearly every small business in Paris, whether you are dealing with the plumber, the painter, the electrician, or carpenter, or some seller of wine by the barrel. The small Parisian com-

mercant's creed is to rob you the first time you come to him, for you, being a foreigner, he never expects to see again. It never occurs to him that if he dealt fairly with you he would gain your steady patronage; and the fact that he does not see this accounts for the minute scope of his affairs, for most of his days he is forced to live with the strictest economy, if he would save enough for his daughters' *dot* and his old age.

The Parisian shop deals with Parisians upon a totally different footing; but even the Parisian will rob the good bourgeois from the country—if he can.

When the good bourgeois farmer pays, he does not slap open his portfolio and throw a crisp one thousand franc note on the table. He begins his settlement by talking it over a *petit verre* at the debtor's expense. He dwells upon crops and politics, interlarded with a touch of gallantry and romance. Finally, when he is settled in his mind and refreshed in body and has bargained his payment to its lowest figure, he draws forth a leathern wallet, wound round and round with a leathern string, and, if he is a true Normand, he takes his time in counting out the sum due, franc by franc, sou by sou;

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then he rewinds the string tightly about the leathern wallet and shakes his head at his extravagance. Some of these Normandy farmers are rich. I knew one who used to sell his cabbages and apples in the market-place, and who gave to each of his seven children, long before he died, a hundred thousand francs apiece.

Paris does more for the enjoyment of the masses than any other city in the world. She not only provides them with a superb playground, embellished with the beauties of nature and the best that the arts can produce, but the Government keeps its people continually *en fête*, and with the utmost patience and generosity supplies gas, electricity, fireworks, music, and an intelligent police. This is not only an excellent policy on the part of the Government of a people such as the French, whose nature is somewhat like the firecracker, harmless until lighted, but it has also resulted in a universal spirit of democracy and good-feeling. Parisians, knowing that all Paris belongs to them, are the first to guard their city against vandalism and ill-usage. If you should doubt this, snip a rose for your buttonhole in any of the public gardens in plain view of the masses, or

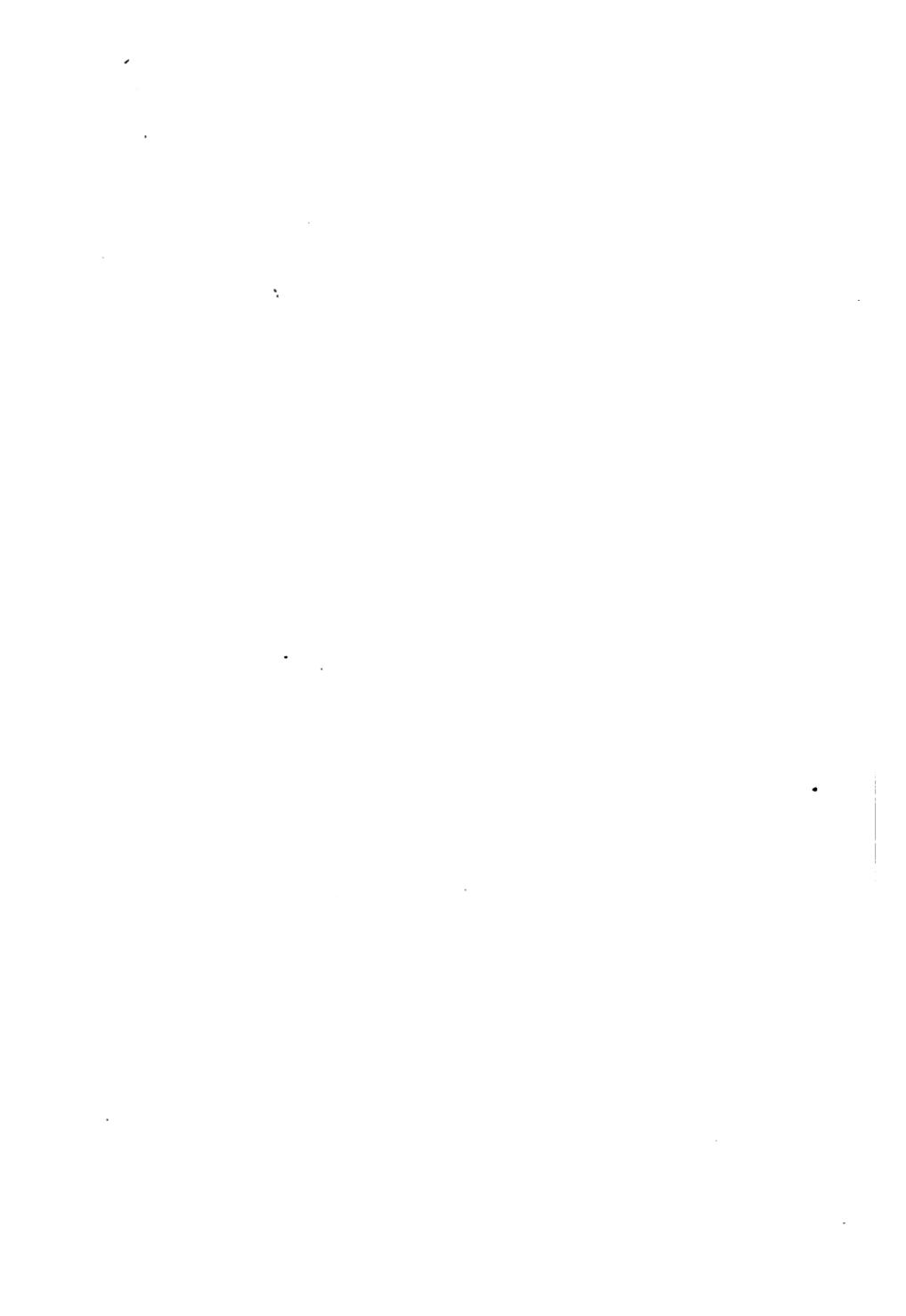
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chip a souvenir from any of the public monuments, and see what happens. Even the smallest gamin would rail at you in righteous indignation.

The laws in France relative to the out-of-doors life of the masses are made in the interest of the people. Furthermore, they are enforced. There is no fixing things with a French policeman. If your bicycle has suddenly been twisted into junk by a careless driver, the belted and brass-buttoned gentleman who arrives on the scene questions you with intelligence and jots down in his notebook the facts of the occurrence, as near as he can ascertain them. Throughout the interview he is polite, alert, and painstaking in getting at the exact truth, and, whether you or the offending driver or both accompany him to the police-station, he conducts you with a quiet dignity and an air of fulfilling his duty. It does not make the slightest difference in France who you are, or whether or not you have mutual friends in the corner saloon, or come from his "ward," or are a distant relative of Congressman So-and-So. If you are at fault, you must pay the damages; if the other fellow is to blame, you will be ushered from the



A PARISIAN CARNIVAL



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presence of the *Commissaire de Police* with as much ceremonial politeness as would be shown at a diplomatic interview.

If it is broiling hot and you are in need of information, go to the nearest policeman, address him as "Monsieur," and raise your hat. He will immediately return you a military salute, listen attentively, and give you, as carefully as possible, the necessary information, saluting you again as you raise your hat to leave him.



The *Place de la Concorde* serves as an arena for a score of pretty events during the Parisian year, and among these none is prettier than the yearly coaching parade. It seemed absurd to criticize at all those twelve perfectly appointed

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coaches that came trundling in file down the *Rue Royale*, and arranged themselves and their forty-eight horses before the jury. It was a contest between friends, among whom the laurels might have been equally divided, and who drove away, after the judging, to their champagne and truffles as smartly as they had arrived.

Lately an epidemic of organized marches has spread through Paris. These are unique and of a totally different character from the yearly events of students' parades and costumed cortèges.

We now have the march of the *Midinettes*.

There is no hour of the day more typically Parisian than noon. It is the recess hour for that big school, the Parisian workshop. At the stroke of twelve, every little hatless working girl gives an extra touch to her prettily arranged hair, roguishly indents a dimple in her cheek, feverishly brushes the dust of the factory or the threads of her dressmaking from her blouse-like working frock, reaching to her ankles and buttoned neatly down the back, and, forgetting the stifling heat and the gloom of the crowded workroom, trips out for her midday breakfast.

It thus happened that Monsieur Auguste



THE MARCH OF THE MIDINETTES

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Germain, that clever grammarian, in a happy moment gave a vigorous shake to the Parisian language, and, lo and behold! out rolled from the magic box of that linguistic *prestidigitateur* the two little words, *Midi*, meaning midday, and *dinette*, meaning, alas! too often for the little *trottin* from the workshop, "half a dinner." Thus you see we have the combination *Midinette*, which I think is a charming name for every good little Parisienne who goes out at noon in search of a little sunshine, a little wine, two sous' worth of *pommes de terre frites*, a roll and a dab of *pâté* between, and, last but by no means least—her sweetheart. So it was only fair that the *Midinettes* should have a march too—a "go-as-you-please" race to music, interspersed with obligatory so-called "cake walks" at intervals (which the regulations designated as a "sign of joy"), relieved by "all hands around" of the different sections—this also "obligatory," at various points of the course, "as a sign of camaraderie." Thus, on this most eventful of *midis*, more than two thousand five hundred little *trottins* assembled in the garden of the Tuilleries Sunday morning, and, after a strengthening cup of bouillon, proceeded in a romping

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army out of Paris through Courbevoie and as far as Nanterre, where a grand ball awaited them. Here the prize for beauty and the prizes to the first, second, and third to arrive at Nanterre were distributed; and here, too, during the excitement of the "Grand bal," each little *modiste* or *couturière* forgot her fatigue in the ecstasy of a *deux temps* or quadrille.

A march for the employees of tramways, railroads, and omnibuses, entitled the "Marche des Transports," has also taken place; and Bohemian Montmartre, not to be outdone, organized straightway a march of bards, troubadours, and poet-singers from the Cabaret of the "Quat'z," *Arts*" to the *Châlet du Cycle* and back, the prize being given to the winner who should compose the best song or verses, en route, in the shortest time. It was thus that Fouchardière, armed with pencil and pad and enveloped in a sweater, won this sportive-lyrical contest, for he covered the distance of sixteen kilometers in one hour and fifty-five minutes and returned with the best song!

But this march mania was destined to end in a most regrettable event, organized by a leading Parisian paper and entitled the "March of the

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Army." Many of the soldiers who contested in this foolhardy, cross-country race of nearly forty miles, during the hottest of days, dropped from exhaustion and sunstroke by the way, or reached the finish in so serious a condition that they were raced to the hospital in ambulances, where for days little hope was entertained for their recovery. As it was, three died. The Baron and I were lunching at Ledoyens, in the Champs Elysées, when the rumor spread that the ones in the lead were coming. Many of those who, like ourselves, left their tables to see them stagger past, turned away in indignant disgust. One Frenchman came back to his party of ladies in a rage, venting his opinion as to whom among the military in command was responsible for letting soldiers take part in a contest which could prove nothing as far as a practical test of endurance, and which was evidently organized as an advertisement for the sensational paper in question. As it was, a hot session of inquiry followed in the Senate, in which military powers were called to account and shrugged their shoulders in reply. Since then the march mania has subsided.

Hidden among the winding alleys of the

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Pré Catelan in the Bois de Boulogne is the old Théâtre de la Verdure. Few people associate the Pré Catelan with a theater. It is a rustic little farm where you may stop for a glass of excellent milk and be shown rows of mild-eyed cows in a picturesque barn. In the afternoon it



PRESIDENT LOUBET'S GARDEN PARTY AT THE ELYSEE

becomes the rendezvous for those who stop for tea, and, as early as 5 A.M., I have known it an excellent refuge for late diners, who, with a fiacre by the hour, have renounced the world and its worldliness, and, having reached a tearful mood, go to this little Arcadia in a spirit of

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passive remorse, convinced that their life has been misspent and that the days they have not enjoyed Nature in her purity and beauty have been the wasted hours of their lives.

At this juncture, "Mimi," having tied her best hat under the chin of the faithful horse who has brought them all the way from the Café de Paris, becomes lachrymose over a crushed violet that has been accidentally stamped under the heel of the hurrying waiter. Meanwhile, her four companions are sleeping peacefully: one in the aforesaid fiacre, he having refused to budge, in spite of the admonitions of the driver, fearful lest in his dress clothes he will catch pneumonia; while the three others, having settled the question of the love of nature, are now dozing over their second glass of whisky and soda at this café table next to the barn door.

You might have found all this at the Pré Catelan at the flush of dawn, and, later, a party of equestrians, and, still later, seen it filled with pretty French children and their *chic* mammas; but I am quite sure you would not have discovered the Théâtre de la Verdure, just back of it, built over sixty years ago by the Empress Josephine. Its forest stage has been set for all

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these years with a dark woods scene, not of canvas and papier-maché, but of real, green grass and growing cypress and shady oaks, with moss-grown rocks forming a cave-like grotto back of them, and little paths of exits, zigzagging up the rocks, oozing with the moisture of the sunny fallow above, beyond which continues the forest.

At the right of this natural proscenium bristle more cypress-trees, with more exits of cool paths, screened by a thicket of wild grapes. On the left of the green stage are a spreading oak and a cool glen.

For more than two score of years only the birds have sung upon this classic stage. In winter the deer find shelter among the cypresses or under the lee of the low balcony wall of wild ivy circling the grassy "pit" and circled by shady trees. Above all this is the open sky.

Yesterday, during a cloudless afternoon, Parisians turned their carriages toward this sylvan theater.

Rows of red velvet benches were ranged in tiers on the terraced balcony, and more red velvet chairs filled the grassy pit. A symphony orchestra of sixty was hidden in the leafy glen,

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and at four o'clock a blast of trumpets and a solemn roll of drums brought the company of the Odéon in the fourth act of the *Arlésienne* upon the stage.

The birds sang merrily during that scene of love and jealousy, and the music of the *Arlésienne* welled up from the hidden glen. The cry and laughter of violins, the liquid obligato of harp and flute, all seemed in harmony with this romantic drama of peasant folk.

And how charming the Watteau-esque ballet from "Manon" which followed! How graceful and noiseless those tripping feet moved over the grassy stage in the cool of the afternoon!

It is the *entr'acte*. The audience is standing, chatting in groups; among them are well-known actors, savants, members of the Government, professional beauties, families of the *haut monde*, and men of letters.

The gowns and the gay parasols are a study. Waiters are hurrying from the buffet with glasses of champagne and little cakes. The charm of this sylvan theater has taken possession of this intelligent audience, who are waiting impatiently for the *pièce de résistance* of the afternoon, the solemn, heart-rending tragedy



A CELEBRATED DUEL

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of "Œdipe Roi," played by the company of the Théâtre Français, with Mounet Sully in the rôle of the unhappy king who suffered for the sins which fate had thrust upon him.

I confess I was in no mood for tragedy. Was this sunny sylvan stage with its cool green trees ringing with the chitter-chatter of happy little birds to echo with the wails and groans of an unhappy family? Why give tragedy at all in this pretty spot? Why not the gayest and cleverest of pastoral comedies with a sprinkling of wicked little shepherdesses and a whole drove of black sheep? Because Parisians prefer that in art which gives them an emotion. They revel in melancholic plays with morbid plots. Knowing to a finesse every pleasure and vice in life, they have become difficult to satisfy. An ordinary perfume will no longer give a sensation. It must be rare—exotic! So if it is a question of tragedy let it be of the deepest and most heart-rending obtainable, and let it be played this happy summer's day in this romantic corner of the silent forest, to make it more real—more dramatic! that one may have a good cry, and afterward a good dinner.

In pure tragedy Monsieur Mounet Sully is

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an artist of rare skill, of resonant lungs, and dominating power. One may grow tired of the monotonous gasp and wail of his voice, of his rapid changes of mood and gesture; but there is no doubt as to his ability to express tragedy in its heaviest and most classic sense.

For five acts he held his audience absorbed in the character of that thrice-unhappy king, who finally, having torn out his own eyes upon finding his queen a suicide, staggers, in agony of heart and body, led by his little child, into exile, up the winding, oozy path to the grassy fallow, tinged with the golden twilight, and over which the swallows scream as they circle.

Below, surrounded by his court, stood Creon, proud, relentless, and gorgeous in his purple robes, watching Œdipe, whom he had banished —Œdipe, whose throne he had stolen. Ha! Ha! Œdipe, that pitiable object, sightless, bloody, broken in heart, in mind, and in body. Creon watched him in his revenge until, led by his child, Œdipe stumbled into the dusk of the forest and was lost to view.

It is the second Sunday in June, a day of warm sunshine, blue sky, and boiling white clouds. It is, moreover, the day of the Grand

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Prix at the race-track of Longchamps, and a continuous stream of fiacres, glittering equipages, bicycles, and automobiles is moving briskly through the cool, feathery, green Bois, bound for the great race.

The equipage I have hired carries neither crest nor footman, nor does the patient beast who draws it clink in silver harness or fleck her noble breast with foam. She is a well-meaning mare with a kind eye, and her name is Marguerite. The vehicle she is harnessed to throughout her crestfallen career, is a fiacre bearing the number "1,468 Vaugirard" on the green glass of the two dingy lanterns. The *cocher* who hires Marguerite daily for twenty-one francs came originally from Bordeaux. You can tell that by his rough and rumbling r's, his black eyes, his curly black hair, his fat, red face, and his irrepressible good-humor, independence, and geniality. Every good Bordelais possesses one at least of these three qualities. This *cocher* François possesses them all.

François and I have been friends for years. He is, in many ways, as valuable to me as a courier and as discreet as a trustworthy valet.

And so at two o'clock this brilliant afternoon

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Marguerite, François, and myself are tinkling along as best we can in the maze of carriages bound for Longchamps.

Flanking the procession of vehicles in the Bois are thousands hurrying to the races on foot—whole families, merchants, students, clerks and their sweethearts, workmen enjoying a holiday—in short, a crowd drawn from every Parisian class.

Out at the track is already massed a sea of spectators, a crowd sensational in its compact vastness. The open field, with its cheaper admission, is black with people.

In contrast, the grand stand is gay with a different multitude. It is filled with pretty women, in the smartest toilettes Parisian fancy can produce, and their escorts.

If you would see fashion exquisitely gowned, you must go to the Grand Prix.

There is something charming in the decoration of the pretty garden back of the grand stand, where the betting takes place.

The rear of the stand is gay in a profusion of flowers. There is a well-ordered velvet-carpeted bar beneath and a pretty salon, while the *pelouse* itself, with its booths for the French Mutuals, is

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as neat in carefully raked gravel walks, velvety grass, and decorative plants, as a private estate in readiness for a garden party.

The broad esplanade in front of the grand stand is ablaze with color, for half the latest creation of parasols are up—parasols of scarlet-vermillion, of bright parrot green, of mazarine blue, and of iridescent silk and of white lace. The effect is dazzling.

Along that broad esplanade are the smartest *cocottes* of Paris, professional beauties, society women, opera singers; club men, *dilettantés*, bankers, actors, merchants; the military and the Corps Diplomatique; racing counts and gambling barons; the best of staid French nobility and the most vicious. Englishmen, Russians, Brazilians; princes, potentates from the Far East, and Grand Dukes—all are there; and in the central box is seated, surrounded by his staff, the President of the République Française.

Throughout the length and breadth of the vast assemblage the crowd is as orderly and polite as if it had been invited. You could not go through it in any direction and not meet with good-nature and the most thoughtful cour-



AT THE GRAND PRIX

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tesy. In France to raise one's hat and to beg one's pardon are habits acquired from infancy. This orderly crowd, with its wealth of exquisite toilets, flowers, kid gloves, frock-coats, and silk hats, is an agreeable contrast to the beer-and-whisky rabble found at our race-tracks in America.

In a shady corner of the enclosure three sleek horses, their finely trained bodies shining like satin, are being walked by the trainer before the race. They are from the stable of the modest-looking man in the gray suit, who, having readjusted his eyeglasses, is jotting down a memorandum. The careful training of the three satin-skinned horses has cost him a fortune. He owns a stableful of them, at a corresponding expenditure.

Tang-a-lang, clang, clang! The bell is ringing for the fifth race, and the crowd, who have been busily betting in the *pelouse*, rush for the track. Twenty minutes more and the Grand Prix will be run. The multitude are beginning to look nervously at their watches. A gaunt, soldierly looking gentleman below me has just looked at his own for the fourth time. I notice that his hand is unsteady as he verifies again the

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dozen or more little blue slips he has purchased from the Mutuals.

It lacks now but four minutes before the great race. The vast multitude, too excited to talk, has grown strangely silent. Suddenly, those who can see raise a cheer as the horses which are to run proceed to the track. A group of stable boys and grooms, who have trained them, guarded, and slept with them for months, are squatting in a group at the edge of the course. Hardly a word is exchanged among them. A big fellow in a Scotch plaid cap lights one cigarette after another, throwing each away, oblivious of having taken but a puff or two of each.

You can hear a pin drop now. The crowd is hushed. The Count de X——, a stout old gentleman standing beside me, raises his field-glasses and breathes heavily; at my elbow is Mademoiselle Darville, of the Opéra Comique, gowned in Valenciennes lace, her red lips parted, her eyes shining, waiting, waiting, waiting!

Hurrah! they are off!

Instantly a roar surges from the crowd as, *en masse*, it leans and follows with its eyes the great race for 200,000 francs.

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Mademoiselle of the Opéra Comique, quite oblivious to all else, stuffs her dainty lace handkerchief between her pearly teeth, raises herself on tiptoe, and emits hysterical, half-stifled little squeals, as her eyes, brilliant with excitement, follow the horses.

“*Sacré . . . !*” murmurs the count, as his eye catches his favorite shakily holding second place.

Ah! they have disappeared behind a low grove of woods. It is like dropping a theater curtain on the verge of a climax. The crowd again hold their breath, straining their eyes for them to reappear.

Hurrah! Bretonville in the lead! The multitude is screaming. Belle Chance, with delicate muscles of steel, leaps closer and closer to the leading mare. The jockey in yellow blouse riding her is poised as lightly in his stirrups over the small saddle as if he rode on air.

Hurrah! Belle Chance is in the lead, and Rob Roy, Millionaire, and Babette are fighting for place.

“Belle Chance! Belle Chance!” shriek half the multitude. She is like wet bronze in the sun as she leaps nearer and nearer to victory.

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Bretonville with a tremendous effort presses closer and closer to her shining flanks.

“Oh!” sobs Mademoiselle. “Oh!” Her breath is coming in little gasps. A second, a second and five-eighths, a signal from the judges’ stand shoots up: Bretonville has won the Grand Prix!

It seems as if all of France had suddenly gone insane. Hats and parasols are waving, the air is full of fluttering programs, men are jumping up and down and embracing each other. Mademoiselle of the Opéra Comique has sat down in a demoralized little heap. She is laughing and crying at the same time, then laughing and clapping her little gloved hands. Yes, it is joy after all.

Over the heads of the crowd I catch sight of the modest little man in gray. He is jumping up and down, too, and his friends are dancing around him. He has won the Grand Prix. He can die happy in his old age.

This modest little man in the gray gloves. *His* money! he tells himself. *His* stables! *His* ever watchful eye. Half of his great fortune risked if you will, but he won in the end. It is *his* victory! Somehow, he muses to himself, in

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a lucid moment he had faith in Bretonville! He knew her when she was so young that she stumbled on her awkward legs about the paddock—but he KNEW her, for her mother had never disappointed him yet.

And there are others who pass you with a grave face, tearing up their useless little blue slips as they make a ridiculous solution never to bet again on a favorite.

But you must not suppose you can cash that winning ticket of yours in the same time it took you to buy it. It is a very just and orderly and altogether important business which now ensues at the paying-booths of the Mutuals.

There is no haste as the clerks in the paying boxes await the posting of the percentage of the winning horse, and what the first and the second place pay. It is very hot, and the jam at the *guichets* is a solid one; and yet they are still patient, good-humored, and polite. The serious-looking clerks and paying-tellers behind the wire screens take their time piling up stacks of louis and smaller change.

President Loubet is leaving his private box. He drives out, his being the only carriage admitted there. His horses are mounted by pos-

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tilions. The crowd, when he has passed, turn again to the windows of the booths—turn good-naturedly, chuckling and joking to one another, packed so tightly that, altho it is impossible for one to move one's elbows, it is still possible to smile and set up mock roars of distress as a sudden extra pressure from the edge of the mass make those jammed against the little booth squeal for help.

“What a system!” cry a dozen, with a groan.

“Mademoiselle, my ribs!” gasps an old beau, winking forgivingly through his monocle.

“What heat! oh! la, la!” There is an encouraging rattle at the window. The crowd cheer, but it is only a false alarm. There is only one way of getting out of the middle of this crowd and that is to crawl like a rabbit under the barrier.

Ah! At last! The chink of gold and silver and the rustle of crisp *billets de banque*, dealt out to the fortunate ones!

Outside the pelouse, men and boys are running hither and thither for the carriages, while groups of men and women wait patiently for their own or go searching for them in the seemingly endless line of vehicles themselves.

Parisians out of Doors

It is like searching for a needle in a haystack. But there is some comfort in knowing that my faithful François and Marguerite are waiting for me under a big tree at the end of a lane.

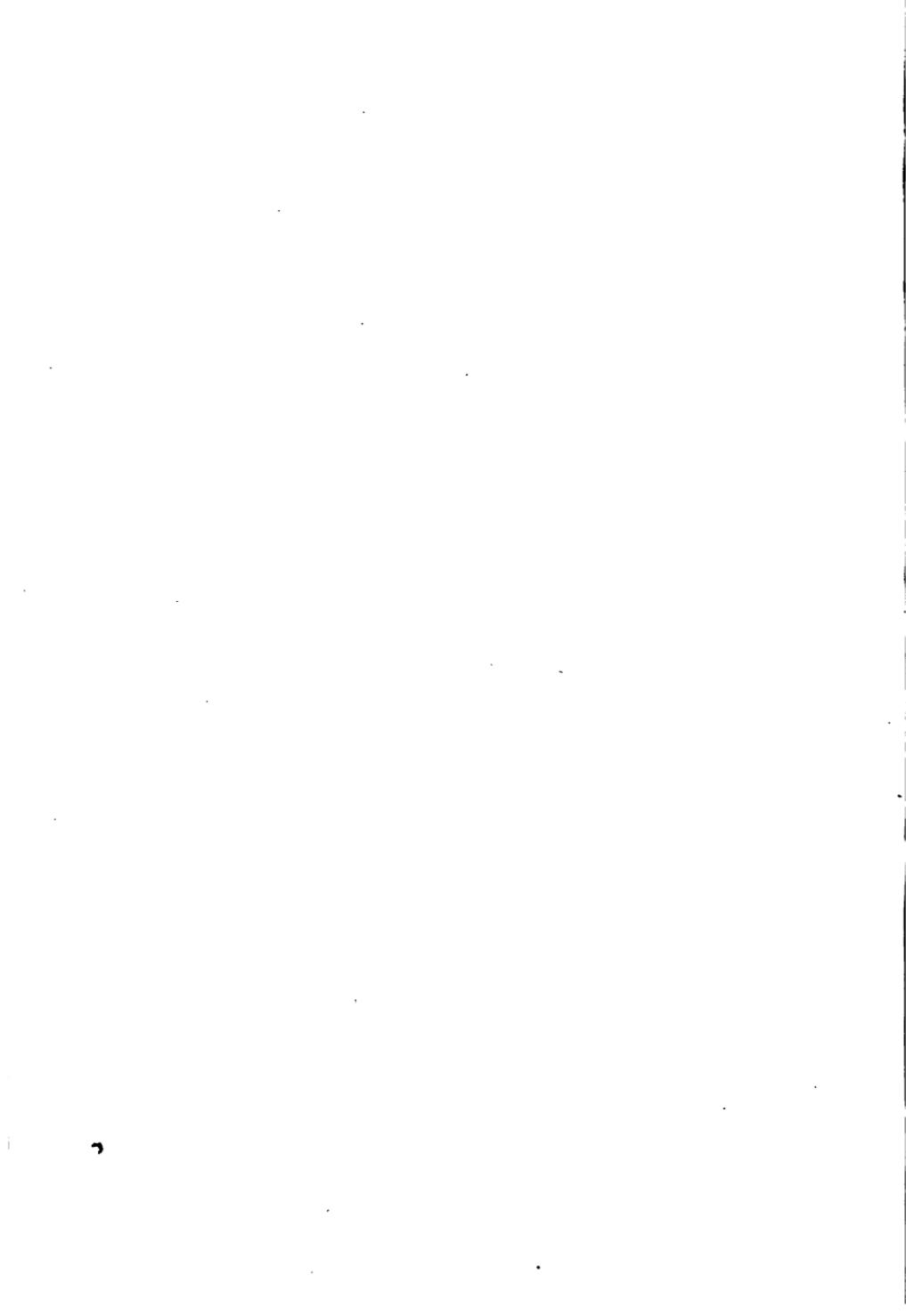
The Grand Prix is over.

To-night Paris will be ablaze. Yes, it was joy that made Mademoiselle of the Opéra Comique cry. I know it, for I saw the serious paying-teller in *guichet C* hand her 10,000 francs.



CHAPTER II

Out of Paris



CHAPTER II

Out of Paris



HERE was no reason why Monsieur Cardinet should have conducted in a chronic rage his rustic, vine-covered restaurant along the river's edge at Bas-Meudon. And yet this busy Sunday this old restaurateur's authoritative napkin was wrinkled from a thousand commands, now drooping beneath the sleeves of his black

alpaca coat during a second's pause, and the next instant brandished at some tardy waitress.

Beneath Monsieur Cardinet's black silk cap, carefully fitted over his bald head until it met the fringe of his remaining locks, flamed his face, crimsoned by a too frequent sampling of his recent vintage.

Parisians out of Doors

Every boat that touched at the little rocking wharf at Bas-Meudon brought scores of hungry guests to his restaurant.

Poor Ernestine! She served them all so cheerily, and it was not always easy—hungry people are so impatient!

Ernestine is not pretty, *i.e.* if you should be hypercritical enough to judge this simple little Parisienne's features by the finer rules of proportion adopted by the Greeks.

I must confess her nose is hopelessly unlike the Milo's, for it is tipped skyward, and her smile broadens her roguish mouth at times, disclosing her white teeth until it resembles that of a street gamin. Her nervous little body is wiry and angular from being constantly on the move, and her small, dimpled hands are red from the washing of many dishes. No, Ernestine is not pretty; but she is Parisienne, and possesses a certain frank, magnetic intelligence and a *chic* which is charming. Her hair is jet black and as neatly coiffured as that of a Japanese. Her alert brown eyes are quick to comprehend; her small feet, thrust in heelless felt slippers, patter, patter by one's table as swiftly as a kitten; and her active little hands are kept as

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busy to-day as her brain. For with this rush of serving and laying fresh table-cloths, and remembering how many plates, and how many knives and forks and spoons and wine-glasses are needed, she has incessantly to keep up her cheery repartee, portioning it out to each fresh arrival with good-nature, tact, and discretion. Only to Monsieur Cardinet does she turn a deaf ear. Should she listen seriously to that irate proprietor, one's life in "The Fisherman's Repose" would become unbearable.

Monsieur Cardinet saunters out before his travelers' rest, scanning dramatically, with his small, bear-like eyes, the placid stretch of river for fresh arrivals.

"Is he always like that?" I asked Ernestine, as she spread a fresh cloth and brought my coffee and a sharp knife to nip the end of my cigar.

Ernestine winked.

"Zut!" she said. "He is crazy—that old fool! If one listened to him, one would go crazy too. Monsieur should come here during the week if he wishes to be quiet."

"Ernestine!" thundered Monsieur Cardinet, squeaking his corkscrew into a fresh bottle of Pomard for a late guest.

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"Voilà!" cried Ernestine, pushing the matches nearer my plate, as she left me with a little laugh and flew to the side of the commanding general—to be railed at for something she had not forgotten!

Five minutes later Ernestine had served a butcher and his wife, who ordered soup and vegetables and a most excellent bottle of Burgundy. One would imagine such an expert on beef commanding a goodly Chateaubriand smothered in mushrooms; but he was a philosopher, this butcher. He might have felt sure of the mushrooms, but he knew he had better beef under his own roof than Monsieur Cardinet had beneath his.

At the next table were ranged a bourgeois family of six, to whom this Sunday feast and restaurant, with no dishes to wash after, was a promised treat which had been looked forward to for months.

Farther down the vine-screened portico, the groom of the Baroness X— was giving a luncheon to the *femme de chambre* of Madame and a maid from the adjoining estate, his mistress at this season being absent, taking the baths at Aix.

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Ah! I forgot Friquette, the favorite caniche poodle of the Baroness, who, I am sure, would have been shocked to find Friquette in such bad company, tho the poodle did not seem to mind in the least. "The Fisherman's Repose" was a far more entertaining place than the silent château, with its sumptuous interior, through which no well-behaved little dog was ever allowed to scamper, for fear of upsetting ancient things worth a thousand times her hide.

Friquette gorged herself with fried *goujons* out of the coarse hands of the maid in the blue feathered hat from the adjoining estate, who treated her airily and quite as her own. Friquette ran after butterflies and scared up sparrows along the graveled promenade skirting the river.

The ears of the groom glowed with Burgundy; and while the three gossiped of the wealth and the hard traits of the noble lady who had gone in feeble health to Aix, Friquette ate and romped to her heart's content.

If you would see democracy, walk abroad in France. It is a country wherein every adult is addressed as Monsieur, Madame, or Mademoiselle. These three words have done more

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toward eradicating the snob and founding that universal politeness one finds among the French than any code of common courtesy to one's neighbor I know of.

“Some coffee, Mademoiselle, if you please,” cries to Ernestine a gruff-looking old gentleman dining behind me; “and will you have the amiability, Mademoiselle, to hunt for me the time-table of the trains for Paris.”

“Bien, Monsieur.” And Ernestine goes in search of the time-table.

As for myself, the peaceful river's edge is a better place to spend this summer evening than Paris. Ernestine will save me the table in the corner for dinner.

It is sunset; beyond the little tables the river is slipping by in the golden twilight. A scull swishes by, rowed by two young men from a neighboring boat-club, and late steamers churn their fat little hulls up to the rocking wharf with late diners.

Hark! The strum of a guitar at the river edge. A troubadour has arrived with the twilight in front of “The Fisherman's Repose.” I can see him through the matted vines which screen my table. He is no ordinary beggar mu-

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sician this, who is running an intricate scale over the strings of his instrument, preparatory to his song. He is clean, short, thick-set, and jolly.

He wears his hair long, after the manner of the troubadours in the pictures of Franz Hals. His hat is a black sombrero, as broad as his guitar; and equally as voluminous in their proportions are his baggy, peacock-blue, velvet trousers, gathered tight at the ankle; while, at his open, sunburned throat, a flowing scarf of black silk falls over his broad chest.

A poseur, you would say of this strolling Bohemian at first glance; but then, my friend, you have not as yet heard the resonant clearness of his voice or looked into his devil-me-care blue eyes.

Suddenly this nomad baritone breaks forth in an aria from "La Vie de Bohème."

Ah! you have changed your opinion of this strolling vagabond.

"Will you sing that again for me?" I asked him, as he passed his black sombrero to my table.

"Yes, willingly, since you like it," he replied.

There was a certain princely independence in his manner as he said it.

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“And will you have the goodness to be seated, Monsieur, and keep my wine and myself company?” I added.

He glanced at my sketch trap, and a genial light came into his blue eyes. Then he grasped my hand cordially and sat down.

“I see,” he said, “we are brother artists. I had mistaken you at first for a tourist. And you have come from Paris?” he enquired.

“Yes, to-day.”

“To paint the forest?”

“To try to, my friend. None of us really paint.”

He leaned back in his chair and laughed softly to himself.

“Ah! I know,” he mused, “what a beautiful forest it is! Yes, you are right; it is as difficult to draw as to sing well. In life we can never obtain perfection; our days are too short. Besides, in this age we do not give ourselves seriously enough to art, as did the old painters and musicians. Compare those rich old serenades of the Middle Ages to the decadent ditties of the *café concert* of to-day! I am a *Montmartrois* myself, and years ago ~~here~~ were poet-singers of real worth up there; but now it is quite impos-



A QUIET STRETCH AT TWILIGHT

Parisians out of Doors

sible. The Parisian public seem to enjoy only that which is depraved in art—the art of imbecility, if you will."

He raised his glass to mine.

"Then you have sung in Paris?" I asked.

"I did for years; but that seems now so long ago. First in the provinces; then five years in the Opéra Comique. To me the theater was always a prison. It is a dog's life at best. One's time is never one's own, and so I broke away from all that."

"And you are free now?"

"Free!" He looked at me in surprise. "As free as a lark! It is living, to be as free as I am. I take which road I please, when I please, and sing the songs I love. I am not a slave to the clock as I used to be. I have not owned a watch for years. The sun serves me faithfully enough for that; and fresh air has given me a sound body and a happy mind."

"And the recompense?" I ventured.

"Not so bad as you think," he replied, offering me a cigarette from a curious little case. "In good weather I have made as much as three hundred francs a month, none of which, you see, I must divide with my manager," he

Out of Paris

added, with a reminiscent twinkle of satisfaction. "I would rather give it to the poor than give it to those miserly gamblers."

He excused himself for a moment, advanced among the crowded little tables, and sang a superb old ballad; then he returned from his encore.

"And where, might I ask, are you going on your way from here?"

He looked at me curiously for a moment, blew a wreath of smoke above his head, and, leaning toward me, said slowly, as if he were imparting to me a bit of good news:

"I am going to Paris in a few hours, my friend."

"To-night?"

"Yes!" he cried, enthusiastically. "To-night!"

"And how long since you have seen it?"

"Two years. I have worked all the way up from the south of France back here. It is for that I am happy to-night. I am so near—so very near now."

He hummed a short refrain to himself, picking up his guitar, where it lay beside his hat, his fingers moving in a deft pianissimo over the

Parisians out of Doors

strings. Faithful companion of his wanderings, its tone seemed to warm under the gay mood of its master. One could imagine him whispering within its cavernous, vibrant interior the secret of his soul, as a lonely hunter is apt to confide his thoughts to the patient ear of his dog.

Ernestine brought a fresh bottle of wine, which my companion had commanded, with a glance as she passed, despite my protest of host.

“Since we are brother artists we must share alike,” he insisted, ordering fresh glasses.

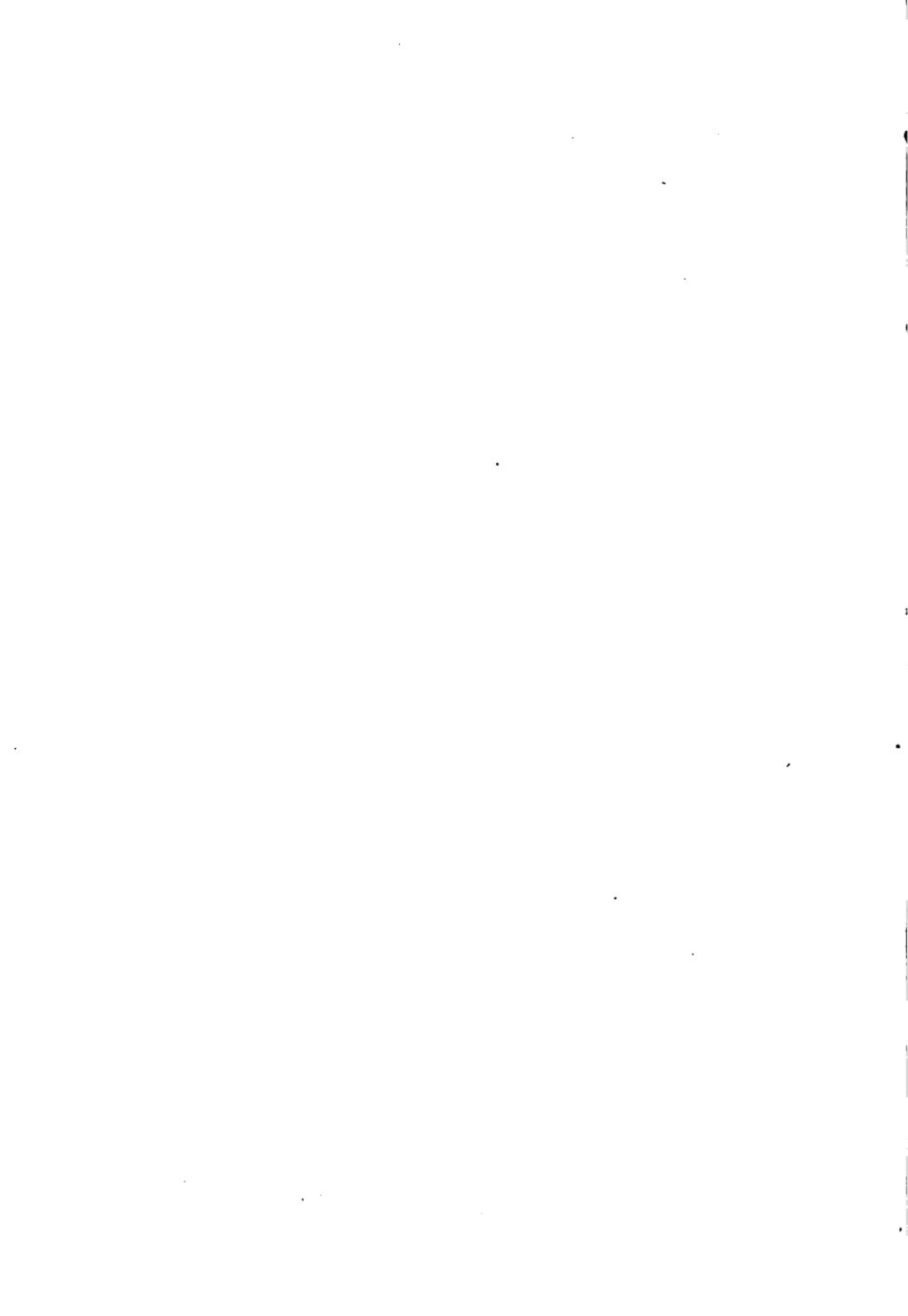
The twilight faded into night—a night so still that one could hear the crickets from the river’s edge from where we sat; a night of soft moonlight, the heavens powdered with millions of stars.

At last the fat little steamer came rocking up to the wharf for us, and we passed on board. It was filled with a jolly holiday crowd from St. Cloud and beyond. They filled the benches, singing, love-making, and joking in the dark, beneath the low roof of the covered deck.

We found a warm corner near the boiler, out of the breeze; the only light visible to us aboard from where we sat was the single lantern



AFTERNOON TEA AT THE CHÂTEAU



Out of Paris

shining over the compass at the pilot's elbow. We smoked in silence.

Indeed, my companion had grown strangely silent; but his was rather a silence of happiness than moroseness, for now and then, as we drifted up to a lighted wharf with its waiting throng, I caught a clearer glimpse of his blue eyes, and they were shining like those of an exile returning to his home.

We were nearing the *Pont Neuf* station, when he turned and held out his hand.

"I am getting off here," he said; "*au revoir*, my friend."

"It is my station, too," I confessed.

"You will forgive me if I make haste," he said, apologetically. "I—I am pressed for time." And he shot ahead of me through the throng.

In the dusk of the quay I saw a girl rush to greet him. She was smiling, but her eyes were wet with tears, and my troubadour caught her in his arms just as it happens in the aria from "La Vie de Bohème," and together they ascended the oozy stone steps, her two hands in his, the guitar slung across her pretty shoulders, snug beneath her worsted shawl; and thus

Parisians out of Doors

they went their way up from the black river to the streets of the glittering city, where love is ever young.

On week days the character of the life along the river's edge changes.

The river itself is busy with its affairs and its traffic of barges in tow from Rouen or the Oise or beyond. The little tables on the balconies of the trellised restaurants, skirting the weedy banks, are deserted; but the vine-screened kiosks, and the coziest corners, back of friendly hedges, are occupied with little breakfasts and *intime* dinners, which history is kind enough not to record and Cupid stubbornly declines to tell about.

Meudon itself is a sleepy, terraced village, lying above the straggling, ramshackle settlement of Bas-Meudon, and reached by steep hills and walled zigzags of short cuts. Meudon boasts of a public square (what French village does not?), with its box-like mayor's office next to its best café.

Meudon's public square is flanked by three cafés, a butcher shop, and a portable band-stand

Out of Paris

on fête days and holidays. Beyond it lies the green forest, rolling away in a wooded valley, and to the right the *Pavillon de Bellevue*, to whose superb site you may be carried up from the river by a cogwheeled funicula.

The Pavillon hotel itself is quite luxurious in its appointments, and reminds one of a popular casino along the Riviera. Its graveled esplanade in front, overlooking the vast expanse of country below, is crowded on Sundays with the better class of Parisians and cosmopolites, who come for tea or an *apéritif* and to listen to the music; and on week days with a select and profitable few. So that the gorgeous-looking, Casino-like hotel has not been built in vain.

Parisian luxury is expensive, but Parisian luxury in the country has ruined the bank account of many a prince. If you would clap your hands and command the Palace of Aladdin, and a king's dinner, good taste, seclusion, and the rarest Cognac, you must pay for it with a ready handful of gold.

And yet there are some fine old estates at Meudon which have nothing to do with the three cafés and the band-stand or the worldly Pavilion Bellevue. These manor houses have

Parisians out of Doors

stood for years, half-hidden in old-fashioned gardens—sad old gardens, silent and cool and scrupulously kept by some old family servant, still faithful to his trust, who has brightened their melancholy walks with here and there a bed of flowers, giving a single cheery touch to the fading memories of the past.

The old house, which has withstood the scars of shot and shell and stood up through family fortune and failure, is now but a ghost of its former self. Its blinds are closed, and the life and happiness and gaiety within are dead.

What is sadder than this homestead, deserted by the present generation of children whom it sheltered; and now kept up, in its old age, by the casual sense of duty of some *bon vivant* of a son, who has not seen it in years and does not want to!

Occasionally the good-looking son drives by in his dogcart, *en route* for Bellevue, and the faithful old gardener and his wife totter down to the gate to greet him, while the young woman seated beside him regards them with less respect than she does her quarrelsome concierge in Paris, and stamps her foot in her impatience to be off for dinner.



A PRIVATE CHÂTEAU

Parisians out of Doors

"Ah, Monsieur Paul, why haven't you come to see us?" sighs the old lady, tremulously. "We watched for you all winter."

The son shrugs his shoulders and speaks of his villa at Nice.

"Ah, Monsieur Paul, it is not like the old days, when Madame your mother was alive," adds the old man, shakily; and, with a touch of humor, he continues, reminiscently: "Do you remember when you were little, Monsieur Paul? Do you remember when we used to tie you by a cord, to keep you from tumbling into the fish-pond?"

"Dis donc!" expostulates the powdered doll at his left. "Enough, enough, mon Dieu! Art thou going to stop here jabbering all night, my old one? Thou shalt see we shall be late for dinner!"

She snatches the whip from its socket and flicks the horses' ears.

When they have gone the old people return through the dusky garden and bend in silence over their bowl of soup. For some moments neither speaks; then the old man lays his hand tenderly on the gray head of his wife.

"A little wine, Nathalie?" he begins.

Out of Paris

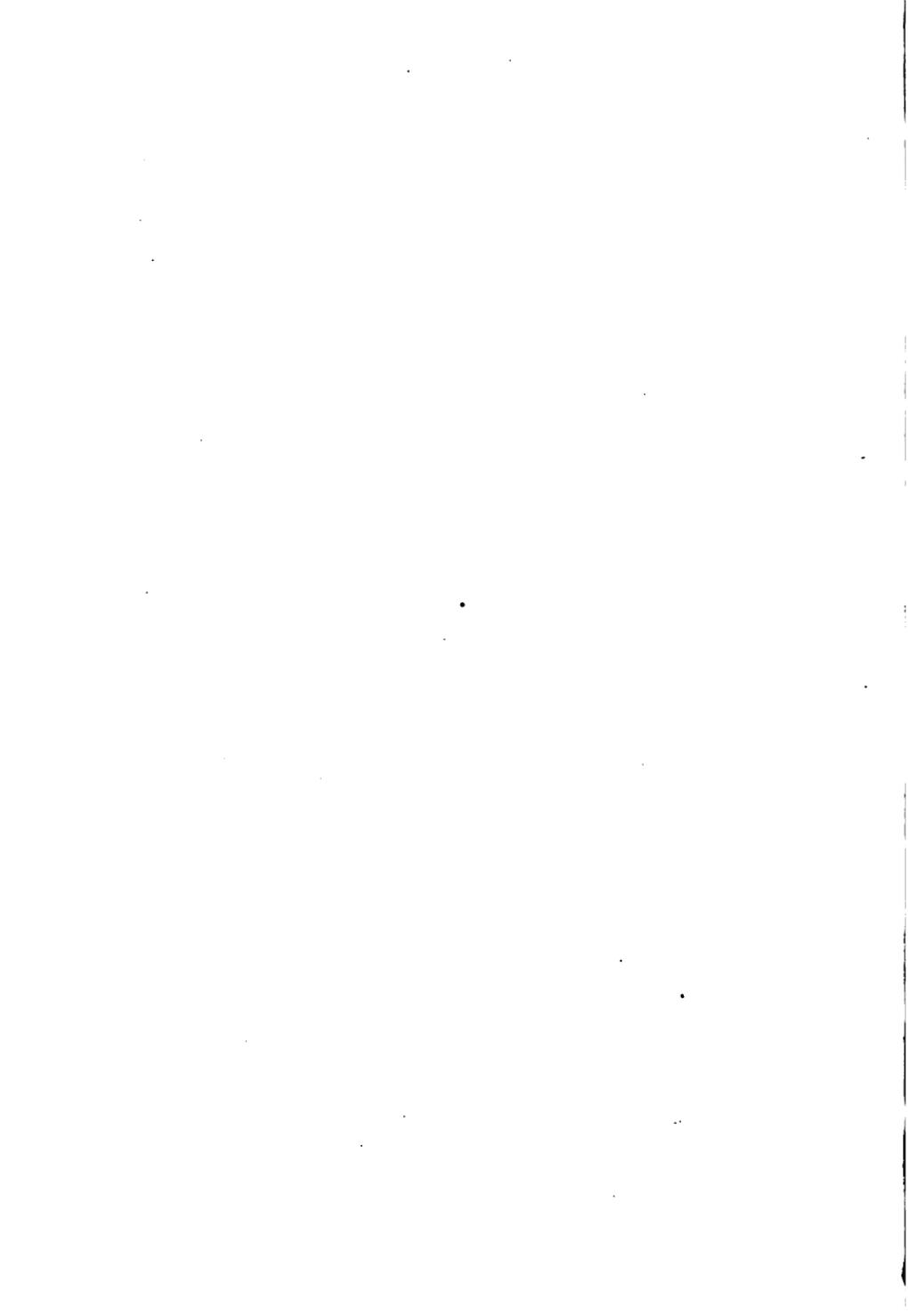
“Come, dear, it will do thee good. Don’t cry so. Monsieur Paul is Monsieur Paul. You remember he was always that way, even when a boy. It is Paris that has turned his head. Thou shalt see, when he is old and has no more money, he will come back to us. Old age makes a difference.”

The good woman lays her head softly in his rough hand—a hand hardened by years of toil, and into which her tears now fall.

“No, no!” she moans. “It will be too late, then, Achille. We shall not be here to take care of him. Come, go and water your flowers; they are thirsty after this hot day.”

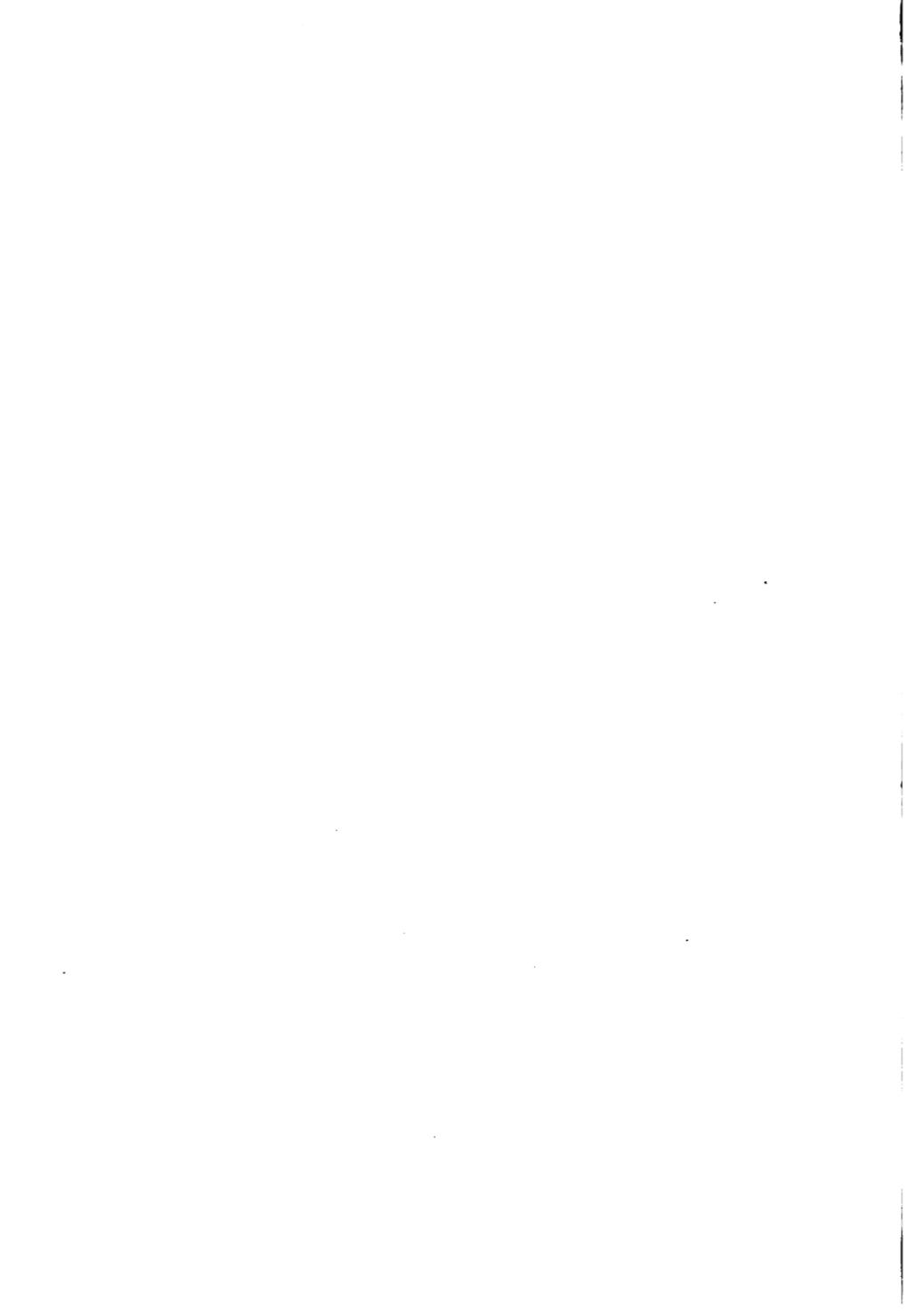
Monsieur Paul never stopped at the gate again. Rumor was that he had died suddenly at Monte Carlo shortly after leaving the Casino. He had lost heavily. Perhaps, after all, it was better so. But it was the powdered doll who ordered a mourning gown for a thousand francs, and followed him to his grave.

A month later I sat next to her at Monte Carlo. She had played his last louis.



CHAPTER III

High Tide at Trouville





CHAPTER III

High Tide at Trouville

WAS first attracted toward Trouville by the lithograph tacked behind my chair in my favorite Parisian tavern. There was gaiety and breeze in that highly colored illusion, as irre-

sistible as were the merry violet eyes of the transient houri depicted in the immediate foreground, attired in a glove-fitting bathing-suit of scarlet, paddling her own canoe on the frothy crest of a sapphire-tinted wave.

Private yachts, their sleek white hulls glistening in fresh paint, dotted the horizon on either side of the scarlet demoiselle in the dancing canoe, the drops from whose paddle fell like a shower of pearls.

One could discover, too, a long vista of white



A SEA-GOING BEAUTY

High Tide at Trouville

beach stretching beyond to a point of infinity, gay in superb hotels, their luxuriant gardens thronged with smiling Parisians; while above the vast perspective of roofs rose majestically the dome of the Casino, shimmering in the sparkling sunlight and as wonderfully wrought as the fairy palace of Aladdin.

Below all this was printed a neat time-table, confiding to the passing stranger the hours of the trains departing daily to this seaside Elysium, nothing being mentioned about their return.

I must confess the bait was as irresistible as a tinseled fly to a salmon.

Paris had been slowly baking for weeks under an August sun, the asphalt had become sticky and redolent, people kept well within the shade, and took to wearing fisherman's pajamas and buying green cotton umbrellas. The heat was the topic of conversation.

“Mon Dieu! quelle chaleur!”

My studio, with its skylight, had become an inferno.

From where I sat in my favorite tavern-corner, I fancied I could smell the pure air of

Parisians out of Doors

the salt sea and hear the little shrieks of the bathers. I drew forth my wallet and counted my fortune. My mind was made up. The scarlet demoiselle's eyes followed me saucily as I rose hastily and left my corner. I had been captured.

I rushed back to my bake-oven of a studio, hauled out my trunk, threw in an assorted contents, and stamped down the lid. An hour later I was speeding to the sea.

An array of fourteen fiacres and a dozen omnibuses greeted the arrival of the express at Trouville. I selected a sad-looking, dwarfed barouche and went rumbling away through the town, past grimy coal-yards bordering a massive stone quay lined with big English colliers in from Newcastle; on past quaint fishing-craft, their tawny, sienna-colored sails drying in the sun after a wet night's fishing; by trim steam-yachts lying at anchor, while their millionaire owners were lying asleep in expensive hotels. One of these seagoing beauties lay moored close by, her deck glittering in spotless brass, her hull as white as the breast of a swan. I was told she belonged to that clever draftsman, Monsieur Helleu. Kingdoms have been won at the point of a



TWO PARISIENNES AND A RESIDENT

[Drawn by H. Gerbault]

Parisians out of Doors

sword; this beauty had been won by the point of a pencil in the hands of a master.

On past perfumery shops and windows filled with Parisian novelties: fluffy creations in hats and peignoirs, parasols of lace; and now and then an adjoining jeweler's, where one could buy, in emergencies, such seaside necessities as a string of pearls or a tiny watch set in rubies.

The straggling town about the station had been full of cheap restaurants with blackboard menus, and were frequented by bookmakers, jockeys, and the riffraff of the Deauville race-track; but as I rattled on toward the beach, the life of Trouville began to show itself. Fashionable traps and turnouts passed me, a smart brougham in which lounged a pretty woman, then a T-cart and tandem and automobiles, the latter conspicuous for their giant size and cost, wound in and out among the traffic of the main thoroughfare, from which highway the town spread itself up hill into a village of narrow, cobbled streets, as steep as those of an Alpine village and crowded with modern villas.

A few old beaux were already up taking the air, stopping now and then to gaze absently at the passing world and incidentally to adjust

FISHING BOATS



Parisians out of Doors

their monocles and overlook the jewels and froufrous in the shop windows. And then suddenly before me lay the blue sea.

It was the bathing hour, and the beach in front of the expensive hotels was alive with people.

Eureka! Here was evidently the home of the scarlet demoiselle. She must be without doubt paddling her own canoe on the other side of a seemingly endless line of gaily colored tents, whose pennants were flapping in the morning breeze. I felt, too, as I trudged toward the throng, that she was being watched by several thousand people, who had turned their backs to the expensive hotels to watch the bathing. But, alas! I looked in vain for the original of the poster. It seemed as if a comic-opera chorus had run down from some neighboring café concert to frolic in the ocean. Here were at least part of the Folies Bergère array of beauty, being soaked in the sunny green sea, costumes and all. A little beyond, I recognized half a dozen shapely figurantes, a danseuse from the Eldorado, and a chanteuse from the Marigny, and quite as they looked when I last saw them from the front row.



ON THE SUNNY SANDS OF TROUVILLE

Hand colored Half-tone

After the Original

By

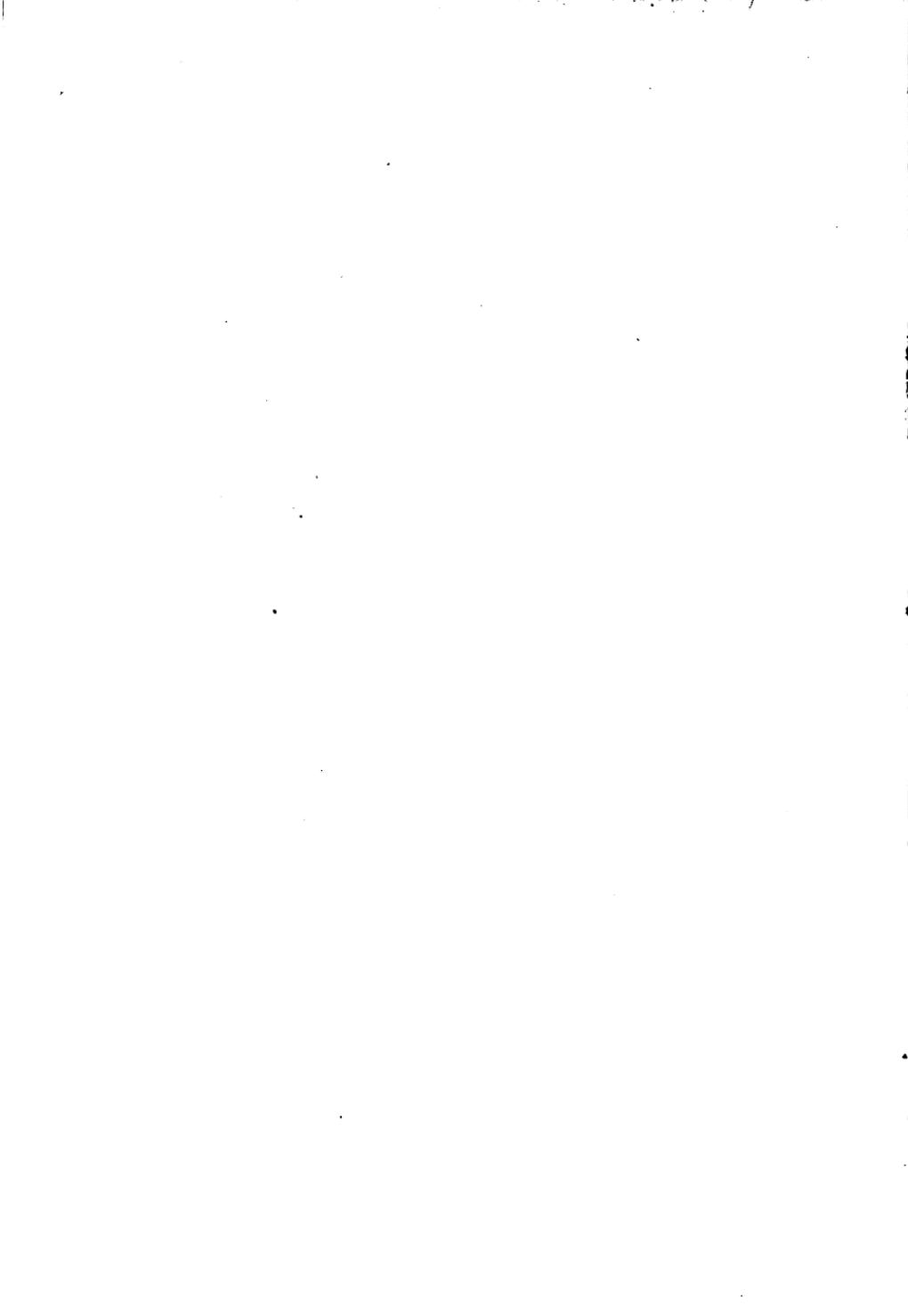
G. de Gyllenhammar

their principles, and to
frounce on the world,
suddenly before me lay the

It was the bathing box
from one of the expensive hotel
pavilions.

Lietka! Here was
the Scarlet demoiselle,
the fat padding het
the Scarlet of Chal-





High Tide at Trouville

Mingled with these, clinging to the ropes or shrieking among the combing breakers, were the types we know so well the world over—the portly lady, the prim aunt, and the family of screaming children, the thin gentleman in the gold-rimmed spectacles and the hired bathing-suit four sizes too large, and the fat and blustering old gentleman who has been handed out one three sizes too small; and there were costumes much too chic to be spoiled by the ocean, and which, being fresh from the dressmaker, were carefully guarded in this Vanity Fair from any but the littlest waves.

It was animated, this bathing hour at Trouville, and full of sparkle, flashing sunlight, and color.

Under the gaily striped little tents, out of the glare of the sun, were women in jewels and laces, chatting with the old beaux; and blasé youths in flannels, yawning in the sleepy salt air; and staid family parties, old ladies, and the fat bourgeoisie, and swarms of children. One had but to glance at the tiny flags of half the nations of Europe, fluttering from these children's sand forts and sand pies, to realize how varied were the nationalities of their mammas and papas.

Parisians out of Doors

In the afternoon, with the sea out, the board-walk in front of the hotels is thronged. In this moving crowd are counts, barons, princes, gamblers, duchesses, and the scum of Paris. All are mixed together; the vicious touch elbows with the most conservative aristocracy from the Boulevard Saint-Germain. The nouveau riche, the adventuress, the savant, the millionaire, and the polished criminal are all thrown together in one common horde.

In front of the ramshackle settlement of bathing-houses are hundreds of chairs, occupied by those watching the parade. In certain congested places these chairs are rows deep; they block the end of one street leading out to the beach, where a cozy circle of mondaines have made it a custom to gather.

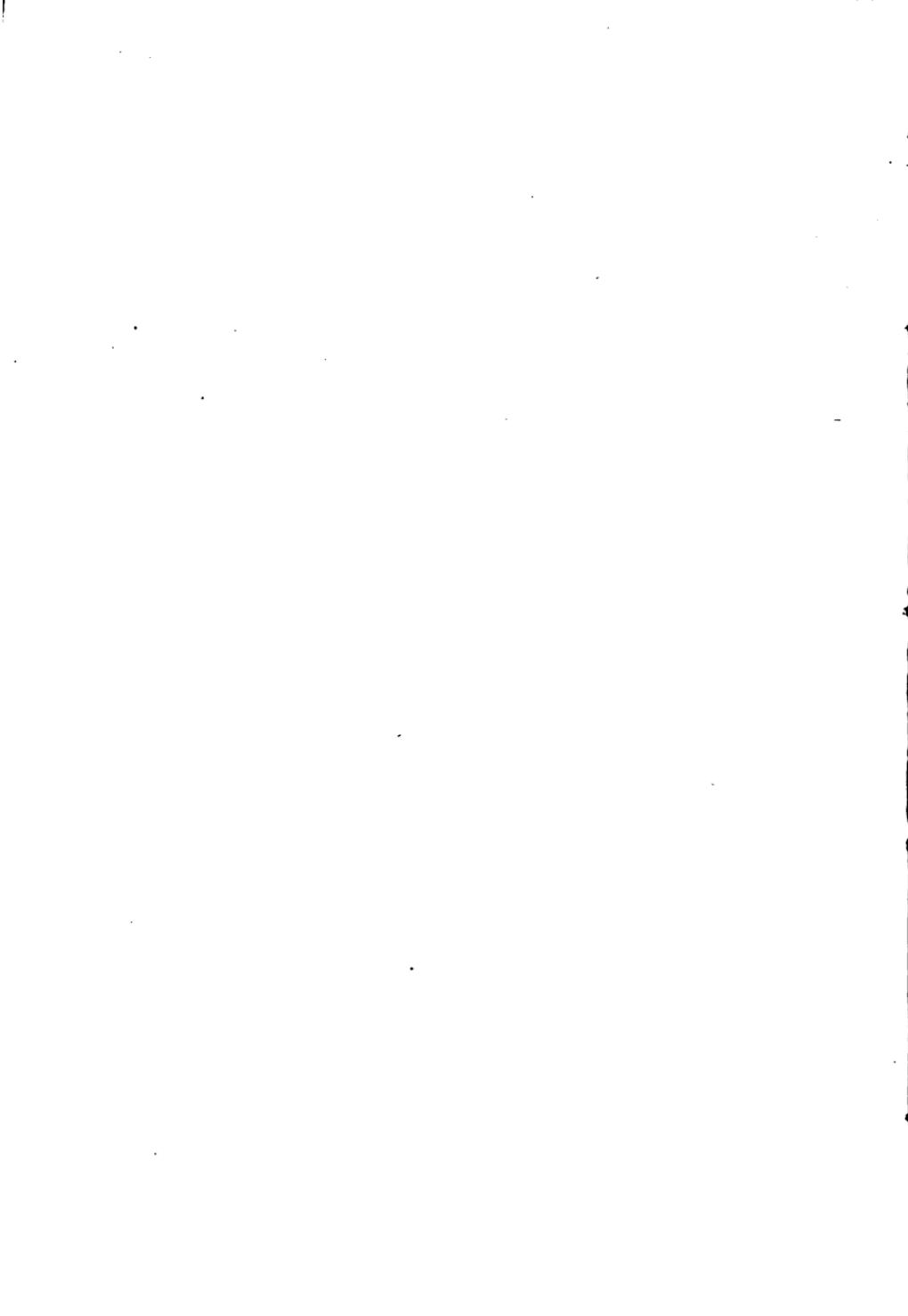
The conversation is wholly upon the races and the women. Intrigue and scandal have become a time-worn jest.

The crowd pours into the handsome Casino nightly, to be seen, to promenade, and to gamble. It is an unfailing magnet to them all—this palace with its devices to lose and win, its bacarat, and its petits chevaux.

It may be idle gossip, but that little woman



THE BATHING HOUR AT TROUVILLE



High Tide at Trouville

sitting in the shadow of a bath-house is a mystery. Most of the parade has passed her chair for weeks, gazed, passed on, and shrugged their shoulders. About her shapely neck is fastened a collar of pearls, whose value a gentleman whose business it is to carry pearls continually about him (each one incased in its tissue paper) tells me is over one hundred thousand francs, and yet morning, noon, and night she wears the same gray gown trimmed with lace. She has become conspicuous among the monde, who have a gown for every hour. Has the pretty little woman only one gown? or has she a dozen all alike? For she is the pink of neatness. To-night you will see her playing high stakes at the Casino. To-morrow morning she will be beneath her tent on the beach, watching the bathing, still dressed in the gray gown and wearing the gleaming white fortune about her neck.

With certain of the nobility and a fabulously rich banker stopping at one of the most expensive hotels, prices have risen owing to their august presence, until the most modest room and pension is rated at one hundred and twenty francs a day; and yet there are many French bourgeois families who have saved for a year to

Parisians out of Doors

enable them to say they have spent the height of the season at Trouville.

If it is the question of a late bath, when the tide is out, there are hundreds of bath-houses on wheels, any one of which will carry you out over the sand to the ocean's edge. This foreign invention requires the services of a farm-horse and a sunburned old salt.

The contrivance itself is a canvas box divided into two compartments, and about as shaky and transparent as the familiar election device containing an oil-lamp and a bell.

When you have finally arrived 'before the breakers, your driver strolls about, smokes his pipe, and yarns with another old salt, who has driven some demoiselle out for a late bath and who is keeping a watchful eye upon the aforesaid nymph, to see she does not get drowned.

Trouville moves. There are no hours during the season when the gaiety flags. There are toilets enough for every hour, and escapades enough in this seaside Babylon to fill the tamest day of Don Juan.

The lithograph I found had admitted what we are accustomed to call the "Bowery." Every play-beach has one, and Trouville's bow-



THE CASINO, TROUVILLE—LISTENING TO THE BAND

Parisians out of Doors

ery is cheap and sordid even for France. The beer sold under the few low-roofed beer-halls, of which this particular bowery is composed, is cheap in price and quality—as cheap as the quality of the singing in the adjoining concert-hall. A shooting-gallery and a few penny shows terminate the vertebra of the boardwalk, which at night, seen from the sea, resembles some giant lizard glittering in gems, the big blue electric light crowning the Casino, flashing like a Kohinoor upon its back.

In melancholy contrast to the whirl of life along the promenade stands the carcass of a hotel, a half-finished failure, sandwiched in between gaiety and light. It is but a skeleton, this hotel, destined for the rest of its days to stand lightless and unoccupied, a pitiable old shell, taking up space—in short, a vagabond. Perhaps the spinning-wheel in the glittering palace near by wrecked it, as it has ruined others. It ruins so quickly in the silence of the crowded room. Click—clock! click—clock! click!! *et voilà!* You are lost! Meanwhile the wheel continues to spin and the great ocean ebbs and flows.

“*Faites vos jeux!*” cries the wiry little croup-



THE QUAY AT TROUVILLE

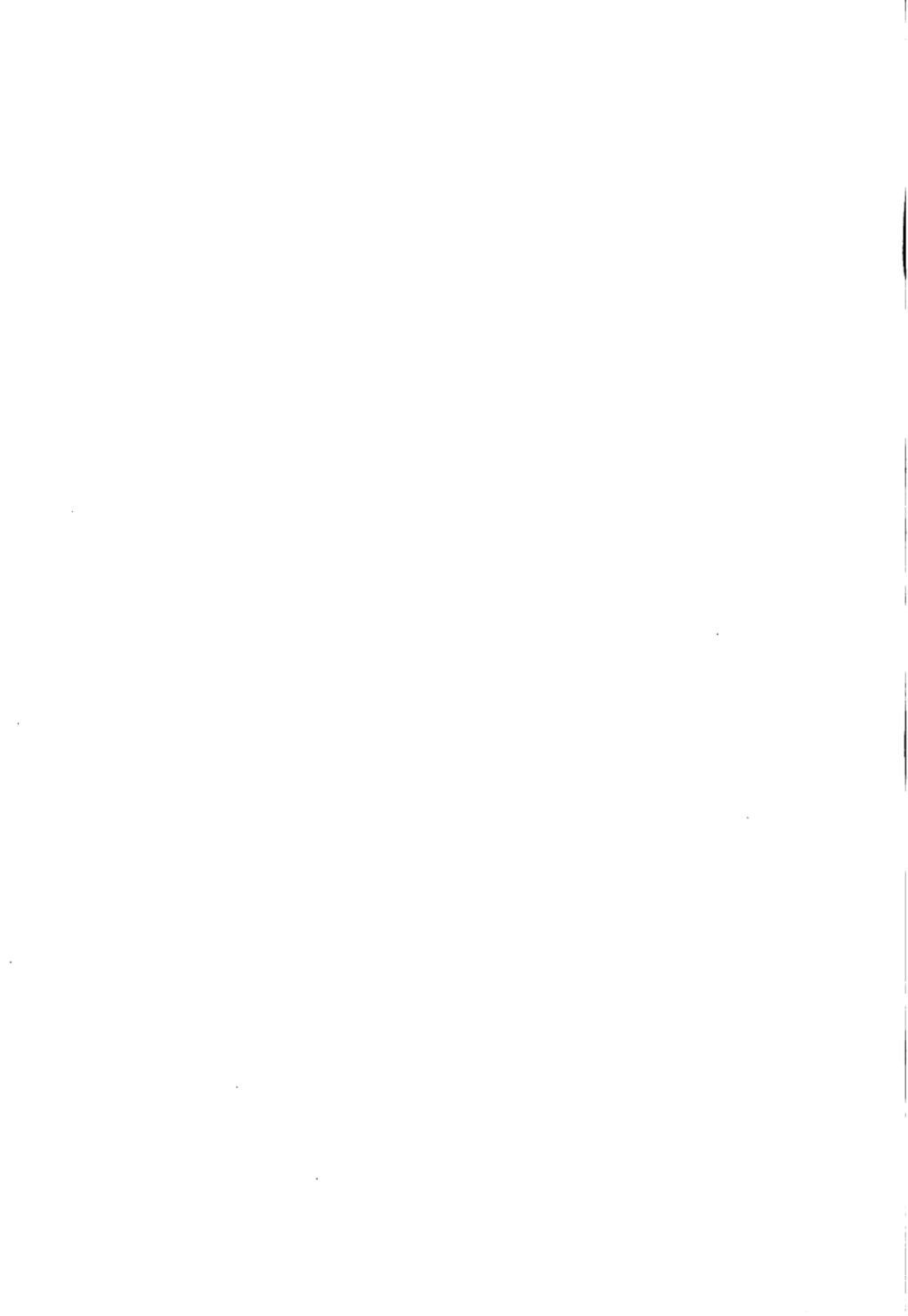
Parisians out of Doors

ier, and the chairs about the green cloth are greedily occupied by waiting victims; and whether you are drawn into the maw of the racetrack at Deauville, or ruined at baccarat at the Casino, or have your fortune and your heart shattered by a leopard in a gown from Paquin, you can at least take your shattered carcass with you as far as the express for Paris. You will pass out of Trouville as unnoticed as the shell of a dead shrimp washed up on the beach.

There are winding roads and shady cool walks behind this gay seaside village, and tiny retreats at every easy stage overlooking the sea, and over all the air is fresh and bracing, keying one up like dry champagne. The air is the only thoroughly healthy thing about this play-beach; the rest has been cleverly devised by the devil, that the public may not be disappointed.

CHAPTER IV

With Some Parisians in Normandy



CHAPTER IV

With Some Parisians in Normandy



IT is a fair green coast, this sea-board of Normandy, for down to the very edge of the flashing blue sea runs a luxuriant country, rich in harvests, compact with thrifty farms, and veined by superb roads as white and as hard as a beach.

It is a country, too, of profitable orchards, feathery woods, and cool lanes sunk below the level of the velvety green fields and the sturdy forests; a land where all growing things twine, bristle, and thrive so luxuriantly that the very hedges themselves flanking these highways and byways are matted with ivy and dwarf thorns, until they have become as impenetrable barriers to the trespasser as if catscradled with wire.

Quaint, half-timbered farmhouses nestle here

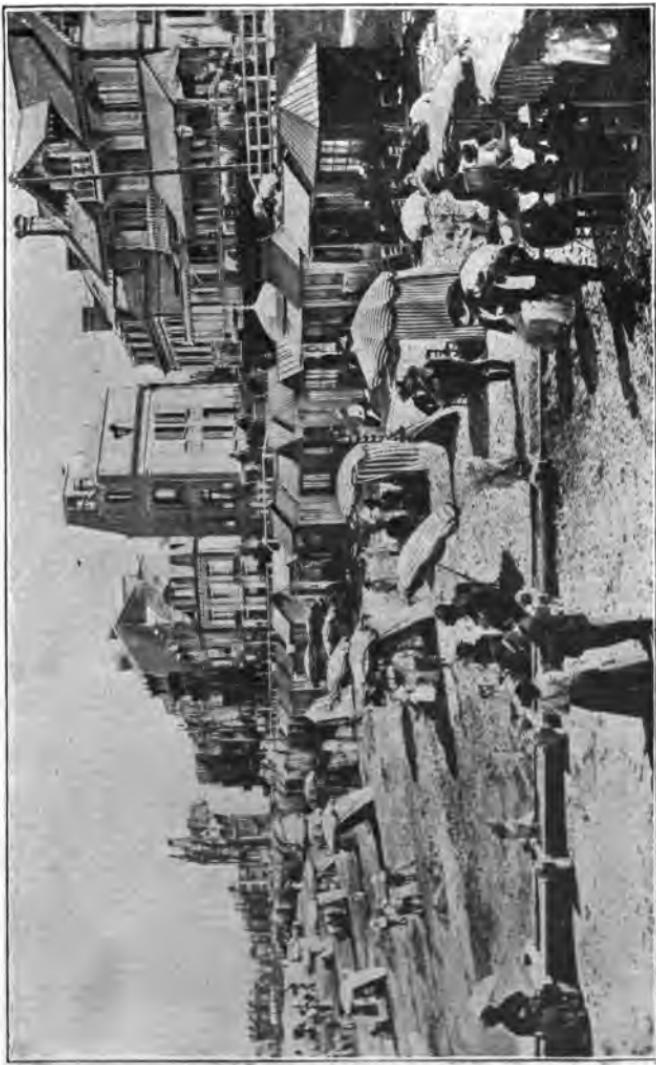
Parisians out of Doors

and there, snug under their thatched roofs out of the wind.

One of these clean, white roads swings on its course, up hill and down dale, leading from Trouville to such quiet family beaches as Villers, and continuing beyond past the more fashionable beach of Houlgate and its prettier and more restful neighbor, the village of Beuzeval, with its children's beach, its cozy villas, and its fine country seats, occupied during the season by Parisians and their families, who at the bathing hour can be seen coming down from their villas in their bathing-suits. These bare-legged, white-robed groups of children, with their sisters, mammas, and papas, and big brothers and cousins and aunts, all pattering along through the main thoroughfares of the pretty village, are a strange sight, a custom which is thoroughly French and as sensible as it is charming—a fashion, in short, which does away with the uncomfortable box of a bathing-house.

Beuzeval has its cluster of bathing-houses naturally, but they are for the most part patronized by transients and those living in hotels or in villas too far from the beach.

The average modern French villa by the sea



VILLERS-SUR-MER

architecturally is a horror. It has the appearance of being designed by a dry-goods firm, and further embellished by the plumber, the lightning-rod man, and the gentleman dealing in gaudy, shiny Majolica ornaments, whose wares are stuck over it at random like plums in a cake, the intervening wood-work being painted in sample paints chosen from the entire palette known to the manufacturer of colors.

When this architectural nightmare is complete, it is named the "Villa des Fleurs," or "My Arbor."

Few of these elaborate concoctions in brick and art tiles, and goodness knows what else, have covered porches or verandas, or in any way lend themselves to their surroundings, and yet many of them are placed in the middle of pretty gardens.

There are some, however, built of wood and stucco and half timbered in pure Norman style, which are happily a relief in contrast to the rest. Many of these are in the midst of superb estates, lying upon wooded hillsides overlooking the sea.

Again, there are more modest ones, like my own, "The Villa Mignonne," half way up a

With Some Parisians in Normandy

crooked hill—a cozy box of a house, hidden within a tiny garden, a garden with high hedges, a squeaky pump, and hundreds of roses



CHILDREN'S FÊTE BY THE SEA

creeping wherever they choose, over an oozy wall matted with ivy, the home of the lazy snail and the cheery cricket. In my garden is a small round table, whereon one lunches and

dines daily, unless driven by rain into the snug little house, with its tiled kitchen, its old-fashioned rooms, and its cupboards, and later, when the chilly fall nights came, its open wood-fires. From over my hedge one can get a generous view of the sea, calm in balmy weather, silver in the moonlight, mighty and cruel when angry. On nights such as these there is a roaring fire in the "Villa Mignonne," and the table is spread before it.

Not every seaside Casino can be as pretentious as that at Trouville. I know of one on a family beach, which looks more like a deserted box-car cast up by the sea than a Casino; yet this modest structure furnishes the sole attraction of its kind in the village. It contains a tiny stage for the Parisian theatrical talent, which now and then stop there on their summer tours, and the small auditorium serves for dances. Adjoining it is a narrow room, where every afternoon a tinkling bell announces that the "petits chevaux" are running, and where one can gamble economically from two sous to two francs at a stake.

If you watch the muscles of the proprietor's jaw, you can tell when the establishment is los-

With Some Parisians in Normandy

ing. A gaunt man is he, with a cruel, avaricious blue eye. He wears a low collar, well open at the throat, and in the evening a dull diamond pin.

At his elbow, his hand on the shining crank which sets the little horses whirling, is his sole



THE CASINO OF BEUZEVAL

assistant, his croupier, short, thick-set, and square-jawed, with his few remaining hairs dyed black and slicked over the tips of his sunburned ears. You would like this croupier. Even the children like him, which is a good test. His smile is sardonic, but his black eyes have a kindly light in them. There is only one thing

Parisians out of Doors

which seemingly interests this man of chance, and that is where the toy horses running under the iron wickets will stop. He has spun them, watched them, raked in the gains or paid the losses all his life. As a result, nothing escapes him. He wears when on duty a funereal-looking suit of black, kept spotlessly brushed, the vest cut low—a vest that serves for evening as well as for afternoons, its pointed opening disclosing an immaculate shirt-front elaborately ruffled and further embellished with an old-fashioned bow cravat of black satin. All this gives him the appearance of a hardened gambler. The other day, being market-day in the village, I met him in the midst of the moving throng in the covered square. He was in his bare feet, for he had been up early that morning, crabbing; a worn coat that had evidently seen service at the wheel of fortune was buttoned over his red undershirt, while upon his head reposed a farmer's straw hat. He nodded to me good-humoredly and passed on. Later, at the fish-stall, I saw him bargaining for a lobster. He bargained for it meekly, his wife and five children doing most of the talking, his better half lecturing him meanwhile. She evidently was a

With Some Parisians in Normandy

termagant; besides, she was rotund and short, and had a savage eye like a bear. Poor old



MARKET DAY

croupier! the silence of the gambling-room must be a rest! For you the wheel of chance has spun badly!

We came to be good friends after a while, and

Parisians out of Doors

at night, when the "Bank" had closed, we used to stop at a small café opposite and have a night-cap together before going to bed. He had been for years a croupier at Monte Carlo. He knew Spain and Italy, too, in a professional way, but



A STREET IN A NORMAN TOWN

better than this he knew people. His analysis of human nature was extraordinary.

"The life here must be tame to you," I ventured, "after four years at Monte Carlo."

"Ah, the old life is gone!" he replied, sadly.

With Some Parisians in Normandy

“Whole fortunes went on the tables in those days. I have seen princesses made penniless and vagabond women win a fortune. To my table came nightly every class, good, bad, and indifferent, known to society. People do not stake the amounts they once did, neither do Europeans spend as much. Money is scarcer among Parisians, the family estates bring less revenue to idle sons, and much of the old life has changed.”

In Paris no public gambling is allowed, the nearest licensed gaming-table being in the Casino at Enghien-les-Bains, and yet gambling is countenanced by every class of society, and the “petits chevaux” are patronized by families and even by children at the seaside, a few sous won or lost being looked upon by their elders as no more harmful an amusement than expending the same amount for a stick of sugar-candy or a ride on a merry-go-round.

“Faites vos jeux!” cries the croupier, spinning the little leaden horses.

“I have a mind,” cries a youngster in short trousers, who has lost ten sous, “to wager my whole fortune!” And he extricates from a tangle of topstring and caramels his purse, contain-

Parisians out of Doors

ing his allowance, two francs and a half and a few sous. The latter, after some hesitation, he puts on 5 and 7. When he loses he shrugs his shoulders and laughs like a man of fifty. He is a Parisian. Before he is twenty-one he will have seen all of idle Paris, and will no doubt have married one of the little girls, he has just been making sand forts with, for her dot. This wedding will be arranged by his mamma and her papa, a convenient arrangement, by which mademoiselle will gain her freedom and monsieur enough to pay his debts for the rest of his life.

A little farther up the coast, within the picturesque and ancient little village of Dives, lies an inn—an inn so charming, so unlike anything one can imagine, with its courtyard a paradise of flowers, that at first sight it takes one's breath away.

To this "Hostellerie of William the Conqueror" all of smart Paris comes to dine. I love this inn. It is one of those rare structures which has had time to grow, for it has developed gradually through centuries, spreading and twisting itself into odd nooks and tangles like



A COSTUME DANCE IN A COUNTRY HOUSE

With Some Parisians in Normandy

a very old tree. Now and then Monsieur its proprietor presents it with an extra room or gives it a new pair of stairs, that the tripping heels of the little serving-maids may not out-wear still further a few of its oldest timbers.

Time has mellowed this famous Hostellerie, covering its straggling, undulating roofs with green moss and lichens, roofs which have grown piecemeal like the rest, and under whose eaves run low, rambling galleries, screened in vines, overlooking a picturesque, double courtyard, dotted with little tables and gay in geraniums and yellow roses.

Among the many arrivals in traps, by coach, or en automobile at the inn this sunny noon for



luncheon, is a brougham, containing two elderly, almost decrepit duchesses and a robed and capped Monseigneur. This Monseigneur wears a violet sash swathed about him, violet kid gloves to match, and his long robe reaches to the silver buckles on his shoes—a man of supreme position in the Church and a diplomat to the tips of his white, fat hands—hands into which most of the good things of this world have fallen sooner or later. Beneath his bushy eyebrows flash his shrewd black eyes. His heavy, smug, clean-shaven face has assumed a serene and benign expression as he takes an accustomed glance at the chattering monde and demimonde about him. He has condescended to lunch with the duchesses. They are at present under his august protection, altho nature had long since taken that precaution in their behalf.

A moment later he ceremoniously ascends the courtyard stairs leading to his room, one of those quaint old chambers tucked beneath the rambling galleries named after the famous men and women who have occupied them—the room of Madame de Sévigné, and that of Alexandre Dumas, père, Alphonse Karr, etc.



A SHOOTING BOX IN NORMANDY

By noon the courtyard is crowded. Every one is busily engaged in ordering luncheon. A party of pretty women and their escorts are in the quaint kitchen, parleying with the chef; there is nothing like going to headquarters in so serious a matter as *déjeuner*.

The hurrying little maids are flying in and out of doors and across the sunny courtyard, laying fresh covers, cutting the bread, or rushing to the cellar for wine, bringing up in their haste the first good-looking bottle at hand, irrespective of its price or history. The pet stork, foraging for himself, sidesteps in every one's way, steals a morsel of pastry, and retreats to his corner in the garden; while the cockatoo, on his perch above the eaves, laughs and screams, excited by the hubbub.

Half an hour later Monseigneur descends the stairs leading to the courtyard. He comes down the narrow flight impressively, very much as he would at high mass. When he reaches the ground he raises his beetling eyebrows and beckons monsieur the proprietor to his side.

“The 1881—it is a dry wine, my friend, I trust?” he begins, in his deep, well-modulated voice. “We shall have the caviar first, then the

With Some Parisians in Normandy

excellent little fish you speak of, a chicken vallée d'Auge, with the duck, the salad, and the 'Pêches flambées' to follow." He pauses to turn and bow to the wife of a sénateur and her two pretty children. "You may serve the pomard with the chicken," he resumes, quietly. And he walks slowly, with measured tread, in the direction of the rose garden.

If his Excellency has attended to the final disposition of the duchesses' fortune with as much foresight as he has to the ordering of the luncheon, the Church shall not want.

Quite a different type was that of a young nobleman who put up at the inn, a well-bred Parisian who arrived en automobile. He had the unmistakable air of a thoroughbred about him. His automobile was a modest one and he was his own chauffeur. He is entertaining friends from a neighboring villa to-night, and you will find him, immaculate in pumps and smoking-jacket, dining in the courtyard. To-morrow morning you might mistake him for a steam-fitter, for he will be flat on his back in his blue overalls under his machine, manipulating a greasy wrench. Here, then, is a type of young Frenchman who stands for the best in France,

Parisians out of Doors

a man of ability and rare refinement, and free from all artificiality and pose; in short, a gentleman.

Beneath the rambling galleries of the inn lie four treasure-rooms, the wealth of whose interiors delights the soul, and in three of which private luncheons and dinners are served. The first of these is mellow in stained glass and gobelins. The second, "La Salle des Marmousets," is rich in carved chests, rare bibelots, golden shrines, old lace, ivories, and faïence. There are shadowy corners in this wonder-room, from the dusk of which glitters much of this wealth, and a very grandfather of a sturdy Normand fireplace, ample enough to have hidden the successful William and half his bodyguard, and beneath whose hood roars and crackles upon cool nights a noble fire. The third treasure-room might have served as the private dining-chamber of some feudal queen. And the fourth! Good sir, there is not a bibelot in it, no shrines, and no old carving, except that tracery which the worms have wrought along the massive beams. Nothing in this old vault but the rarest of Burgundy, and dust-caked bottles of Chablis, Porto as clear as garnet, and spark-

With Some Parisians in Normandy

ling Vouvray veiled in cobwebs and mellowed in slumber year after year until one by one they are called forth to warm the hearts of lovers, to soften rugged memories, and bring good cheer and fellowship to hearty company!

A snort, a quick reversing of gilt levers, a savage roar, accompanied by a choking haze of blue gas, and a Countess this time is spun into Paradise.

A most adorable little Countess, as dainty as a Dresden figure, and chic and magnetic to that indescribable point of finesse and refinement that is second nature to the smart Parisienne! Her tiny feet are incased in gray su  de, high-heeled shoes; her eyes are deep violet, half Oriental with their long curved lashes. Her golden, undulated hair shines from constant care, and her slim, svelt figure seems to glide as she moves. And her hands! so exquisitely modeled, so tiny, and so charmingly feminine!

The dainty, high-heeled shoes have alighted in the courtyard. A report, another shaking roar, and the automobile of the countess whines its way to the garage, to cool with the rest.

The countess extends one little gloved hand

to a tall, soldierly looking old beau, who has been awaiting her arrival, and who bends and kisses the little gloved hand as reverently as he would his grandmother's and as lightly as if it had been a rose. He, too, has come from Trouville to-day. And now a laugh ripples from the pretty white throat of this little countess. It is a merry laugh, as frank as her eyes.

"Ah, you dear old friend! You see, I am late as usual," she confesses, stripping off her gloves and readjusting her rings. Her little hands are white and dimpled, the nails pink and glistening, manicured until they shine like tiny shells; gay little hands, glittering in jewels.

"But what does it matter since you are here!" I heard her companion reply, briskly happy over her arrival.

In age he might have passed his sixtieth year. He was uncommonly tall, erect as a grenadier, and immaculately dressed. In the lapel of his gray coat was the narrow red ribbon of the Légion d'Honneur. From the white impériale on his firm chin to the tips of his varnished boots he looked the soldier.

His rugged, finely chiseled features, bronzed by the sun, were radiant now as he helped un-

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pin the filmy veil, slipping off the dusty water-proof enveloping the frou-frou gown quite as a grandfather might have unpinned a baby's cloak, then clasped for a second one little hand in quite as grandfatherly a way, and ordered a warming glass of sherry for her lips and a hassock for her high-heeled shoes.

“But, you see,” explained the countess, with a serious lifting of the violet eyes, “it was not my fault, my being late. Ah! those automobiles!” she sighed. “One can never depend upon them. Something went ‘Crack!’ just as we were leaving Paris.”

“Paris!” exclaimed her companion. “Mon Dieu! You have come from Paris this morning, and not Trouville?”



Larisiens out of Doors

“Yes. Why not?” she replied, merrily. “Ah, you foolish old boy! You must not worry so about me. You see, it is a very short story,” she added. “Poor Chevalier! he is ill! Madame Varenne, of whom I buy my fish for my little villa at Trouville, told me. She had heard through her sister, who keeps the inn of the Chat Blanc in Brittany, where Chevalier goes to paint. Poor Chevalier! he is so poor now and he lives quite alone! His pictures do not sell. He is forty-five years of age, yet, my friend, he looks old, so old! He lost his big atelier, and was forced to rent a wretched little box of a studio in the Rue Vavin. It was like an oven, these hot days. I found him quite out of his head, and with no one to care for him but his concierge. But I found Puyot late in his clinic—good old Puyot—and he has promised me to see him the moment he is free to-night. I begged Chevalier to be moved to my house—it is so cool there, near the Bois. Useless! he would not listen to it. Ah, lala! you haven’t an idea how upset his atelier was! She is so stupid, that old concierge of his, not to keep it in order. But, do you know, I think I have driven some system into her head. I put every-



A RESTFUL LITTLE GARDEN, IN WHICH TO DINE

Parisians out of Doors

thing in order myself. ‘There,’ I said, when I had finished, ‘you see how much tidier it is. If I come back and find one thing out of place or dusty, I’ll call the prefect of police, and he will teach you order.’ I frightened her out of her wits, the old owl!”

Her companion raised his head suddenly, gazing with his gray eyes into her own with the utmost tenderness. Perhaps he was thinking of two cool little hands soothing a head burning with fever.

“And at what hour did you leave Paris, my child?” he asked, with concern.

“At daylight. We could just see,” she laughed.

“To lunch with me!” he said, softly.

The Countess looked up into the eyes of this kind old warrior, this rugged old soldier of half a century of escapades.

“You would not have disappointed me,” she said, simply. “Besides, poor Chevalier is better; he is going to get well; he has promised me, and so I have come here for a rest, for a week at least. One can never rest in Trouville. It is like living in a merry-go-round, with its stupid promenade and its peacocks.”

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She rose from the corner where they had been sitting, and put out both her tiny hands to him, as if about to drag this immaculate old grenadier to his feet.

“Come,” she said; “our déjeuner must be ready, and I am as hungry as a wolf!”

He gave her his arm, her tiny hand nestling within it as they turned the angle of the wall below the cockatoo’s perch, and passed through a carved doorway into the silent dining-chamber of the feudal queen.

“Petite, Petite!” shouts testily the proprietor of this Paradise, to a little maid running as fast as her slippers will carry her across the court, with a basket of fresh peaches.

“Voilà, Monsieur,” she calls.

“Mais, voyons donc!” complains monsieur, cholerically, stopping the hurrying maid. “Where are the ‘demoiselles de Cherbourg’ for the luncheon in the Marmousets?”

“Tout de suite, monsieur,” replies the girl, depositing the peaches among some rich little cheeses from Caen and rushing back to the kitchen.

Monsieur the proprietor is a mild-looking old gentleman, with a gentle voice and a precise

Parisians out of Doors

and noiseless step like the tread of his pet stork. His gray eyes are now dull in some dreamy mood, as he goes off muttering to himself, with his hands clasped beneath his grizzled chin in an attitude almost of prayer; later they shine with intelligent appreciation as he stops to describe a beautiful ceiling he discovered last year in Italy to some old friend.

“It was ravishing!” he says; “ravishing!” his voice sinking to a mysterious whisper. “A golden ceiling incrusted with little ivory cupids, the most exquisite I have ever seen!”

Again, the gray eyes are savage when things go wrong, when, for instance, as I say, the “demoiselles de Cherbourg” are late, or the white-capped chef, whose ferocious mustache would do credit to a comic-opera bandit, has forgotten to give them the requisite extra sizzle in a kitchen whose low, massive beams, just above one’s head, are smoked with generations of good cooking.

The walls of this kitchen are shining in burnished copper and old silver. In one corner stands an Empire tabouret, above it the side of an oaken dresser is hung with miniatures, while beside it is the very execution-block whereon

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the unfortunate “demoiselles de Cherbourg” meet their fate.

Upon a spit before the blazing logs of the open hearth, half a dozen chickens from the valley d’Auge are slowly turning and basting. One fat little chicken is nearly ready for the Countess and her old friend. A flare of ruddy fire-light, a cloud of savory steam, and the chef lifts the tardy “demoiselles de Cherbourg” from the fire. A moment later the little maid, who has been so affectionately called “Petite,” is bearing away to the gentleman with the red ribbon in the lapel of his gray coat, in a silver dish, these delicately flavored French cousins of the coarser, seafaring lobster, massacred in a sauce fit for a king and boiled to a scarlet vermillion.

You must know, too, that “Monsieur” with the gray eyes and modest step of his pet stork is a connoisseur, for it is he who has stocked this treasure-house of an inn to overflowing with things beautiful.

Half of intellectual and idle Paris have slept beneath these rambling roofs.

The cockatoo, being in his eightieth year (these birds live to an extraordinary age), could tell you if he could talk, of that legion of famous

SHINING COPPER AND OLD SILVER



With Some Parisians in Normandy

guests of bygone days, days when the present modern butterflies from Trouville and Cabourg had not yet been born.

That generous, devil-me-care, brilliant Monsieur Honoré de Balzac, up with the dawn if the mood took him, used to call up to his perch in his jolly, ponderous voice; and Mademoiselle Francine, resting from her tragic season at the Théâtre Français, used to feed him bonbons and scratch his yellow topknot.

He knew, too, Gustave Flaubert and Alexandre Dumas, Père. Sometimes he climbed on the shoulders of Guy de Maupassant or dined with a kindly little old man with a shock of white hair, named Victor Hugo, who wrote all day in the courtyard and who often searched the kitchen for a cold leg of some tender chicken for him, a delicate attention which the venerable bird never forgot.

Statesmen, monseigneurs, painters, sculptors, actors, and men and women of letters, the rich product of whose wit is still relished, preserved in rare bindings and tucked away in the quiet libraries of connoisseurs, all came to the Hôtel-lerie in those coaching days. What jolly breakfasts then, and parties from Paris down for a

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week in crisp October, with merry dinners and crackling fires in the Salle des Marmousets nightly! He knows, too, altho he does not say so, that the ribbon in the lapel of Monsieur's gray coat flamed under the gaze of another pair of eyes,—and not the Countess's—only last week.

It is night. Lights glow now from old lanterns beneath the sunken galleries. The heavy door of the Salle des Marmousets swings open to a hurrying maid, and a burst of merriment peals forth from within the room, not where the Countess and Monsieur are dining, but where a pretty dinner to a dozen Parisian celebrities is in full swing. In the corner the tinselèd figure of the Virgin in its glass case trembles with the laughter of the company.

Some one is singing in that jolly party, the pure notes floating through the open door.

“What a contralto! Ah, to have a voice like that!” exclaims a Spanish señorita, at an adjacent table to mine, who has ceased her prattle to listen.

“I should think so!” remarks her companion. “You are not easily satisfied. It is Madame B——, of the Opéra Comique.”

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“Bravo! Bravo!” shout the merry company.
I turn. The señorita’s eyes are shining in ecstasy.

And now it is a good-natured baritone who launches forth in a roundelay fit for dancing swains and revelers of centuries ago.

Monsieur the proprietor advances to my table.

“Do you hear that, my friend?” I asked, as he drew his chair to mine, with his evening grog; “that roystering roundelay he is singing? It is very old,” I ventured; “possibly the fifteenth century?”

Monsieur listened, looked at me gravely for a moment, turned his gaze to the carved gallery above him, upheld by apostolic caryatids, and replied, with a grim twinkle in his eye:

“Yes, it *is* old. I have just seen one of my wooden saints smile.”

“Ha, ha!” he laughs, as he sips his grog with me; “do you know my garden?”

“Not yet,” I confessed.

“It has a high fence about it and is just behind the Inn,” he explained. “It is a delight!” he cried, enthusiastically. “That crooked, narrow little lane back of the kitchen leads to it. The lane is called the ‘Rue des Tourniquets,’

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and they say assassins lurked on dark nights there a century ago, strangling the unhappy wretch who crossed their path with their tour-niquets.

“ My garden,” he continued, softly, “ is one of those picturesque old acres, a wild tangle of flowers, weeds, and vines, and shaded by a few fine old trees. I’ll show it to you in the morning. I keep it locked! Ha! Ha! safely locked,” and he held up an old-fashioned key and smiled knowingly.

“ What do you grow in it?” I asked.

“ Nothing.” he replied. “ It is the private estate of my cat who has lost her paw, my pea-cock with his broken leg, two very old rabbits, and my poor old dog who is nearly blind.”

“ They are happy there,” chuckled mon-sieur, “ for no one can get at them to bother them.”

“ You have seen that little gray kitten,” he added, eying me shrewdly. “ She is a little devil. I have told her a dozen times not to climb among my roses. If she wishes to live among my pretty things, she must conduct herself ac-cordingly. It is just, is it not? Parbleu! But, being young, she does not care. Very well, my

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friend; I carried her a mile yesterday to the opposite bank of the river. 'There,' I said, putting her down, 'you have not appreciated the home I have given you, espèce d'imbécile! Now you must hunt for another. You will find it more difficult than you imagine, ingrate, voilà!'" And he slapped his knees savagely and pointed dramatically in the direction of the lonely river.

"And you left her there?" I said, with concern.

"Precisely. I had given her fair warning. Well, this morning she came back! Just as Monsieur and the Countess came back. Ah! I have not seen them in so long—she is so charming."

"But the kitten coming all that distance! Impossible!" I said. "Poor little thing! Why, she is so small she has a hard time to keep on her feet!"

"She came, nevertheless," answered monsieur. "She must have made a circuit of more than three miles, for I left her on the opposite bank, and there was no bridge for a long distance. Bah, the little devil!"

"And you have taken her back?" I asked.

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“Yes,” he smiled; “upon one condition—she has promised to be good.”

“Pardon me, monsieur,” he said, rising. “They will now have the duck—I must see to it. Petite! Petite!” he cried. Then he passed me the decanter, lit a fresh cigarette, and walked off, in the direction of the kitchen chuckling to himself and rolling his thumbs.

The duck is brought sizzling to the dining-chamber of the feudal queen by “Petite.” She hurries after the salad, leaving the door of the room where the Countess and her friend are dining, open, within a few feet of where Monsieur and myself have been sipping our grog. So near that I can not help but see and hear them. The man, erect in his chair, is pale and silent. It was ever hard for him to see a woman cry. A single candle glowed upon the dinner-table; the rest having sputtered out.

He was staring stolidly at the empty liqueur glass before him, down the oily sides of which a tear of Benedictine trickled. Now and then he disengaged his strong hand, placing it caressingly on the blond head; but he did not speak, for the Countess was sobbing out her heart, her

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small white hands clenched, her head upon them, in a supreme effort to master a grief which seemed to strangle her.

“Come, dear friend,” he began, quietly, at length, “you must try and pull yourself together.”

“Ah! mon Dieu!” she sobbed, in reply.

“You must go immediately to your room and get some rest,” he urged. “I shall take the late train back to-night and return in the morning. You will be ill if you continue to grieve so.”

“Yes, yes,” she moaned; “you are right—you are quite right—quite right,” she repeated, mechanically.

She rose wearily, swaying as she regained her feet, her companion supporting her through the doorway, and mounted the stairs to her room.

Later, when Marie gathered up the crumpled napkins, a telegram fell to the floor. It read:

“Monsieur Chevalier is dead.”

And was signed, “La Concierge.”

It is midnight and the courtyard is deserted.
The Hôtellerie with locked gates sleeps silently

Ecclisians out of Doors

beneath the stars. Beyond the moonlit roofs comes the distant roar of the sea, and within a room along the vine-smothered gallery lies a woman, her little hands wet with tears.

CHAPTER V

Bohemians at Large



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Bohemians at Large



MY friend Bill and I are rushing to the forest of Fontainebleau this crisp moonlit November night. Our train will reach Marlotte in time for dinner at the inn, where a crowd of painters a crackling log-fire, and a frozen cocktail will welcome us.

We are roaring along to the land of painters. Bill jumps up, jams his broad-brimmed sombrero tighter on his head, turns up the collar of his sweater, and looks out of the compartment window.

"We have passed Melun," he cries, enthusiastically, "and are skirting the edge of the forest!"

Bill is always enthusiastic. It is one of his greatest charms.

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What a night! A brilliant full moon riding high above a fairy valley swimming in mist—a mist which is silvery and out of which rises this forest of Fontainebleau, a wilderness of trees rolling away in timbered ridges. Now and then we rumble over a bridge. Far below us glisten in the moonlight the quaint roofs of some settlement, the spire of its church thrust through the silvery fog. Lights gleam from the windows like glowworms; above this fairy veil the moon rides serene and clear in the crisp air.

Ten minutes later we scramble out at the station of Montigny-Marlotte. In France they make one station serve for two. It is more economical.

Two painters have brought a triumphal chariot to meet us, a ponderous, two-wheeled cart drawn by a Rosa Bonheur horse, the hardworking property of a good-natured farmer opposite the inn.

"Chuck in your duffle, you fellers!" shout the two brothers in paint. "There is a gang of Parisian Indians up there waiting for you. Allez! houp la Hortense! hue, Cocotte!"

The big cart begins to move, and Hortense



MY FRIEND, THE PAINTER

Parisians out of Doors

jolts along under a harness heavy enough for an elephant.

The road descends suddenly to lower ground. We trundle along, the mist up to our ears.

“This is what Montigny and Grez are like,” remarks Bill. “It is as cold as Christmas down there by the river, on account of these evening mists; and when you get up and go out in the morning, you wade up to your knees in liquid air. But Marlotte’s all right; it’s on higher land.”

“Simply marvelous quality in Marlotte to paint!” adds Bill. “Nothing like it anywhere else in the world! Wait till you see it. It’s at the very edge of the forest.”

Again we left the fog, and soon the white houses of Marlotte gleamed ahead of us; and Hortense, glad that her day is over, gallops us through the narrow little streets.

When we reach the inn, the aforesaid gang of Indians file out under a swinging lantern and raise the necessary bedlam at our approach. It takes a Parisian Bohemian to make trouble. It bubbles out of his pleasure-loving nature like champagne out of a bottle. We Anglo-Saxons hoop and hurrah on short occasions,

Bohemians at Large

but the Parisian can keep it up the year around.

As we rattle into the courtyard three hostlers spring out to unhitch the steaming Hortense and lead her to a neighboring barn.

“Bonsoir, Messieurs!” cries madame the proprietress, tripping out to greet us, followed by the cook in his white cap and his aide de camp, the garçon de café.

Ah! here is monsieur the proprietor sallying forth, rubbing his fat hands; and his two pretty daughters, parbleu! and an even prettier cousin who is staying with them; and four barking hounds, for it is the hunting season; and, lastly, Mimi, sleek, selfish, and independent, patters forth to view the arrival with all the poise of her catlike ease at her command. And all this welcome for five francs a day, wine included!

What a cocktail, “made in America”! What a dinner, “made in France”! The long table spread for this Bohemian crowd before a chimney full of blazing logs, the walls of the low-ceiled room paneled with caricatures and sketches, amateur Corots and modern Daubignys, many of them having served as pay-

Parisians out of Doors

ment for some idle painter's board and lodging in years gone by.

The crowd who are now beating a tattoo upon the hot plates, ready for a never-to-be-forgotten hare stew, are as cosmopolitan as chance and circumstances can bring together.

One has few enemies in Bohemia. They are too absurd to be tolerated. Among the crowd are four bons garçons of Parisians; and Tarn, the Dane, who paints snow-scenes when there is any snow to paint, and who loafes the rest of the year, waiting for the next flurry; and three ruddy English painters, who take this feast of good cheer in a matter-of-fact way, and mention other inns along their beloved Thames where one is better cared for at half the price; and Ménet, the Belgian, who paints seriously and lets nothing worry him; and a Japanese prince, whose work is unique, for he has a habit of mixing his palette according to the modern French school of impressionists and applying it to the perspective of his grandfathers. A man of charming personality is this alert little Jap, and he knows so many things besides art, and is such a genial good fellow withal, that we unanimously voted him the place of honor at the

Bohemians at Large

head of the table—a seat which he most graciously filled and with rare tact and ease, Bill and I thought. We casually learned afterward that he had been at one time master of ceremonies at the court of Tokio.

It was long past midnight when we closed the lid of the tin-pan piano. It had been in strenuous action for hours. It had been beaten sadly out of tune; it had supplied Parisian quadrilles and polkas, and French chansonnettes and cake-walks and galops, until the two pretty daughters and the still prettier cousin had danced the pink bows out of their hair, and every one had steamed through one of those genial evenings, no two of which are ever alike, and every one of which helps to make these Bohemian days out of Paris worth the living.

Briefly speaking, Marlotte belonged to us, for there are no tourists here, these crisp fall days, to bother one.

Here, too, was an inn that had been built piecemeal, until it contained a hundred rooms, no two alike and each containing enough old mahogany Empire furniture to have stocked a château.

Behind our banquet hall lay a sad old garden

—a garden all cold gravel and tangled vines, whose dry leaves rustled and shivered with the approaching winter; a garden which served as a sort of open-air storage-ground for the odds and ends and paraphernalia that had been needful at bygone wedding fêtes, while at the lower end were cold bosquets, little enclosed summer-houses with thatched roofs, with a table for two within, all set for expected lovers even in winter; and back of all this were little paths leading to hidden benches for lovesick swains (in summer).

There was a creaky swing, and an uneven tenpin ground, and a grotto harboring an aviary of disconsolate birds, and, finally, a tank from which one could choose his favorite eel. I looked in. One of them had died. Eel did not appear on the menu.

And in "The Inn of a hundred rooms" we camped. There was plenty of choice of accommodation. When a fellow got tired of one room he moved to another, and the single garçon de café, who took his time in serving us as valet, waiter, and boy of all work, never complained. He was a wise boy, Henri. With the tips we gave him he purchased a brakeman's watch and chain; he felt it lent him dignity.

Bohemians at Large

Painters as a rule are eccentric, some of them are crazy, and all of them are fastidious. For instance, Delmar would not take his morning coffee in his room. He preferred the sunny side of the main street of Marlotte. No one seemed to object; no one objects to anything in France, since every one does as one pleases. From Delmar's table in the street grew a straggling line of other tables, dragged over from the cold and tangled garden to serve a better purpose in the sun, while the faithful Henri ran back and forth with the smoking pot of coffee, forgetting the sugar and spilling the milk, but always good-natured. Wonderful boy! Some day he will have a *café* of his own, when most of the crowd he served have grown gray.

Hunters, their guns slung over the shoulder by a strap, tramp through the village, past the little tables in the sun, these frosty mornings, leading sleek, long-eared hounds. Often they stop to say *bonjour* in passing, and tell us something of the morning's hunt.

Ah, mon Dieu! Monsieur Toupin, the grocer, has killed a fat hare! Ah, par exemple! common, apoplectic Monsieur Toupin—old Toupin, his fat cheeks purple with good living!

Parisians out of Doors

The long legs of the dead hare are sticking from his gamebag. Proud Monsieur Toupin! His comrades slap him on his fat back. It is

he who will take the rest of his companions into the inn, where they will stop for a short rest and a small absinthe before going farther.

They have been hunting over their own farms.

In France every foot of shooting is guarded. One has to buy a permit, called an "action," for

this privilege to shoot annually over any of the great shooting preserves in France. The price for it runs often to thousands of francs. I had one offered to me the other night, however,



THE VILLAGE PASTRY BOY

Bohemians at Large

at a reduction. It was my old friend Léon, that august maître d'hôtel in Paris, who whispered this bit of information in my ear between the soup and the fish. Léon tells me he is a sportsman himself. He had never seen this "grande chasse" in question, but assured me it lay in the middle of France and belonged to a marquis of most estimable family.

"The gentleman whom you see dining in the corner, Monsieur," whispered this veteran commander of dinners; "that is he—in the corner with the lady in white lace with the little dog."

"Precisely," I replied. "And the marquise is vis à vis?"

"No, Monsieur, that is not Madame la Marquise."

"Then it is not the Marquise to whom that snuffling little French bull belongs?"

"Ah, Monsieur," confides Léon, laying the fresh cloth himself to hide his indiscretion, "Madame la Marquise is naturally at Cannes."

"It is a wonderful preserve, that of Monsieur le Marquis," continues Léon, briskly. "Vast! a veritable savage wood, in which one can kill every kind of game. Monsieur can have no idea what it is like. It is full of pheasants,

hare, partridges, quail, and deer; and they say it is dangerous" (filling my glass) "to go about unless well armed, on account of the wild boar. Monsieur knows well enough that the shooting season is already somewhat advanced," and Léon shrugs his shoulders. "Very well. At any other time Monsieur would have to pay eight thousand francs for the privilege. I took the liberty of speaking to Monsieur le Marquis opposite, knowing that you, Monsieur, were eager for some good shooting. He is so sympathetic, Monsieur le Marquis. He said to present his salutations empressées to Monsieur, and to tell Monsieur that he could have the permit, seeing it was so late, for six hundred francs --a price, Monsieur, which astonished me; but Monsieur le Marquis is so sympathetic, such a 'bon garçon.' Besides, of course, Monsieur would not mention the reduction at his club."

"Of course not! Why discuss such a mere bagatelle?"

"Monsieur accepts?" added Léon, raising his eyebrows knowingly, as if I had ordered a fresh liqueur.

"I will send my secretary to investigate it," I said, nonchalantly, "when he returns. He is at

Bohemians at Large

present en voyage for me, attending to a few Christmas gifts in St. Petersburg."

"Très bien, Monsieur," and Léon went in search of my bill.

The Marquis, who had been watching this interview out of the corner of one ratlike little eye, half rose and returned my formal bow. The lady in white lace did not look up. She was giving a marron glacé to the snuffling little bull.

No shooting is allowed in the forest of Fontainebleau, but there are many private estates lying outside of it which are neatly surrounded with a high wire fence; and as I passed one close by this morning, I could hear a fusillade. Evidently some Alphonse and Gaston and madame in her newest shooting costume were popping away at the nimble hare, without the annoyance of his getting out of the grounds.

The cannonade lasted all the morning, then suddenly ceased, like the rifle fire of a regiment. It was the hour for déjeuner. As I skirted the wood and peeped through the high wire fence, I could see a thin wreath of smoke curling from the chimney of the pretty château in the center of the estate, and, as a sudden breeze wafted the

pungent smoke in the crisp air toward me, I thought I could plainly scent the savory perfume of hare stew. All of which sent me back as hungry as a bear to my own déjeuner at the

inn, where I found the gang of Indians as hungry as I was after their morning's sketching.

Like thousands of other French villages during the day, the crooked little streets of Marlotte are silent and deserted. Housewives are busy indoors and the men are at work. Occasion-

ally a timid hen picks her way across your path, or a little girl bids you a shy "Bonjour, Monsieur," as she passes you on an errand. Only twice does this simplest of villages become animated—at noon when the children return



A VILLAGE GIRL

Bohemians at Large

from school for déjeuner, and at evening when the day's work is over. Then night comes, and the village falls half asleep at nine. A few lights still gleam from the two or three small cafés which afford as sole distractions, warmth, a faded billiard-table, a sanded floor, and a small bar dispensing mild French nightcaps. Such modest taverns as these are hazy with tobacco smoke and noisy with a good-natured crowd of yokels and village sports until eleven, when the crowd files out, the shutters are put up, and Marlotte goes sound asleep in the silence of a country night, broken only by the occasional barking of a farmer's dog or the strident crow of a cock at the crack of dawn. It is restful after Paris, which never goes to sleep at all, and where the streets seem noisier at daybreak than they do during the day, with the early morning cries of pushcart venders, the rattling of milk-carts, the thundering of the earliest omnibuses, and the shouts of the garbage men in their ponderous carts.

At the edge of the forest, these fall days, the air is pungent with the smell of burning brush and the perfume from the cider presses. It is poor cider at best, generally watered and

Parisians out of Doors

squeezed from apples of doubtful quality, since all good apples, like all good produce from such towns as Marlotte, go to Paris to be sold, as does everything else good in France. Even in Normandy, the country of apples, good cider is a rarity.

Paths lead from these little villages across fields growing giant purple beets and feathery with asparagus bushes. The variegated color of these bushes in the autumn is exquisitely beautiful, blending in gold, burnt sienna, and apple greens like the feathers of the golden pheasant.

Along the walls of these rambling villages, at the edge of the forest, are carefully trained vines, laden with grapes, which no one steals; and beyond these walls lie gardens. These little villages are all walls. One can never tell what a French village contains, until one is allowed to poke one's head through the doorway of these barriers. Often a huge estate lies within, and gardens of trim flowers and luxurious old villas.

Once upon a time I dined with an American friend of mine, who had settled in a country home at the edge of the forest. This house of his and his life came to me like a sudden

Bohemians at Large

glimpse of home. The only things French it contained were the serious old butler, who looked like an archbishop, and the black-eyed maid. The rest had all that goes to make a country house at Tuxedo or Lenox charming—the big living-room with its roaring wood-fire slipping up a giant chimney, and other old American friends in knickerbockers and golf skirts, having respectively Scotch and soda or tea in front of the blaze during that restful hour before one must be dragged out of a cozy corner to dress for dinner.

I got up and looked out of the window, to be sure I was in France, and not in reality on the edge of a fashionable old pond I know at home, skirted with smart cottages; but all I saw were the rambling walls of a French village, and I heard a great cart go rumbling past, and the driver cracking his whip and swearing in his peasant accent. It made a queer impression upon me, suddenly coming across this old friend and as suddenly being transplanted home. The illusion was complete, yet it was only an illusion after all.

One afternoon, a few villages below, Bill turned abruptly from the main road. We

skirted the edge of a small pond, and suddenly entered a narrow alley flanked by a stone wall, behind which bristled the tops of fruit-trees, and beyond which I could make out a substantial, half Oriental structure, strung together with beetling eaves and rambling glass-enclosed galleries gay in flowers. Suddenly the owner of this artistic hermitage popped up behind the wall and regarded us silently with a placid grin, or, rather, he regarded Bill, who, it seems, knew him. He was an artist, an eccentric lover of the beautiful. When Bill presented me, or, endeavored to do so, the man within his domain leaned over the wall on his elbows and took not the slightest recognition of either my modest presence or what Bill was trying to deliver in the way of an introduction. I do not know whether it was the setting of the wall or the apple-tree, or his placid round face, or the little felt cap upon his head, or all three, but he reminded me strangely of Humpty Dumpty.

“Haven’t seen you in five years,” he remarked, eying Bill, while I walked away and looked west.

“No,” said Bill, genially; “not since I saw you making some good things down in Séville.



A GOOD HARVEST

Bohemians at Large

Gee! but that is wonderful color, that Spanish color!" raved Bill, his eyes dancing at the memory of sunny Spain.

"Guess I orter know," remarked Humpty Dumpty, sardonically. "I've painted it long enough."

I have always been wary of a man whose smile is as unchangeable as if cast in cement. It lacks heart. After a while it becomes insolent.

The man over the wall picked a late apple from an overhanging bough, and bit into it.

"Know these?" he asked Bill. "Got the seed in Florence."

I moved farther off.

Presently Bill joined me.

"Who's your fat friend?" I said, somewhat hotly, as we stopped together for a light.

"Marvelous painter," replied Bill, "but eccentric—terribly eccentric!" and he whispered to me the great man's name. "Won't let a soul inside his place unless he likes him. It is a dream, that place of his, full of curious and good stuff. He is a woman-hater, too. Hates 'em all, unless their coloring and clothing are perfect—must conform to the Preraphaelite

Parisians out of Doors

school, or, by Jove! he won't have 'em around. He's all right, tho; only you've got to know him. He wants us both to stay down here and dine with him to-night. He won't take no for an answer."

"Wants me!" I exclaimed. "Yes, he looked it! Why, his nod of recognition was more imperceptible than a hotel detective's sign to his pal on duty! Dine with that freak! Not much! I'm a good deal like old Captain Simms," said I, "who used to say, 'All I want is civility, and that of the commonest kind.'"

"You should see the Fairy Marsh," said Bill, one morning in Marlotte, as we were having our coffee together in the sun. "It is an extraordinary place—nothing like it anywhere on the globe. There have been more than ten thousand pictures painted of it—whole exhibitions, in fact, if they could only be collected. It possesses a paintable quality which is simply marvelous. We'll go up there before sunset. It is only a little way up in the forest."

"Any real fairies in it, Billy?" I asked, eagerly.

"Bah! you're too materialistic! It's fairy-

Bohemians at Large

esque, just the same. It'll open your eyes wide."

We tramped that afternoon up a sandy road which led up into a wilderness of pines. A blanketed horse and buggy stood in the road at the fork of a forest trail.

"Hush!" said Bill, reverently.

"What's up?" I inquired. "See anything, or is it a false alarm?"

"Over there, ahead of us. That's it. Come, I want you to see it from its best point of view."

I saw, lying to the right of us, a marshy fallow, out of which grew clumps of dead, gnarled trees, their outstretched skeleton arms strained and twisted, as if they had died hard. Slimy, moss-grown black boulders held a few stagnant pools, reflecting the sky, and in the drier places had sprung up a tangle of weeds, now a dry thicket of tawny yellow.

I saw, too, a figure sitting before his easel. It was that of a young man in a black velvet suit, with thin hands, a worried expression, and long, silky, blond hair.

He had chosen the driest clump of the marsh, and was as silent as he worked as if he had been casting for trout. Once in a while he

Parisians out of Doors

coughed weakly, and looked up as if somewhat angry at our presence.

“The Fairy Marsh!” reiterated Bill, seriously.

“Are we near it?” I ventured.

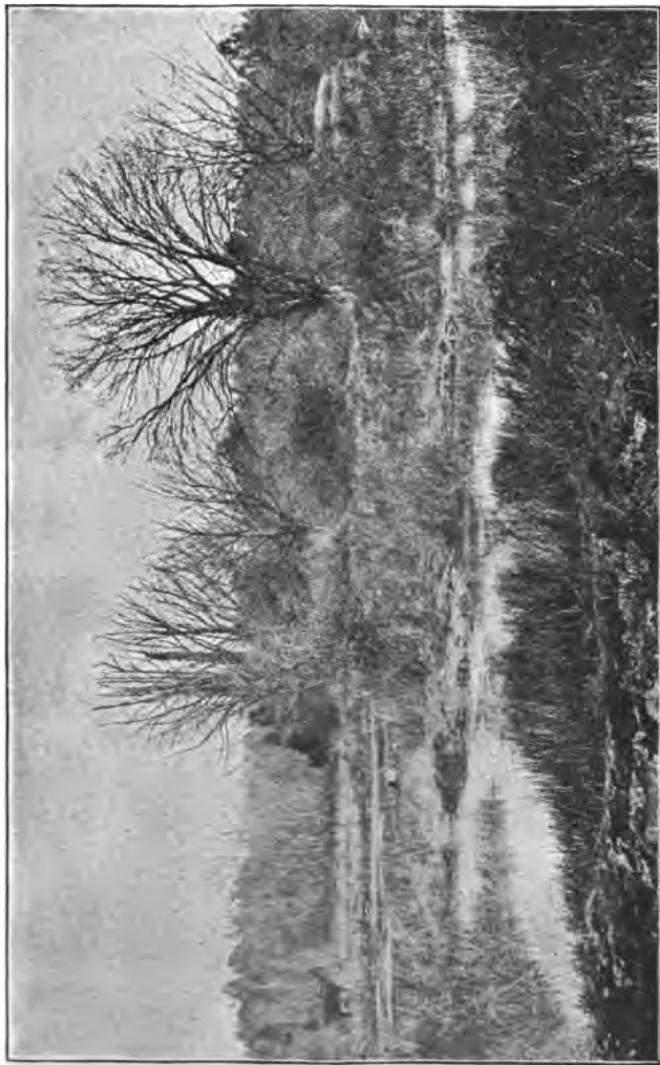
“Near it, you imbecile! This is it!”

“All?” I asked.

“How much do you want? Come,” he beckoned; and, fearful of disturbing the great man at work in the velvet suit, he made a detour and led the way around the fairy mud-hole to an open patch and a giant beach some few rods beyond.

Bill turned on me with enthusiasm.

“A Corot lies before you, my boy! By George! what a composition! what quality! Confess—did you ever see anything like it, man? These fine old trees, this wonderful atmosphere at twilight—half gold, half silver! “Turn,” commanded Bill, “and feast your eyes on that violet haze of birches and oak sinking into the poetic depths of the great wood. Corot saw it; so did Rousseau; so did a dozen other great masters; and Corot saw far beyond even the wonderful reality, and made it ethereal, more fairylike, more enchanting. Can you recall in your life, man, I say, a place like this?” He stepped back dramatically.



THE FAIRY MARSH

Parisians out of Doors

“Yes,” I replied, “once. Only it differed somewhat. It was in a rabbit swamp I once used to slush through in New Jersey. Only there were more niggers and cottontails in that one and fewer weeds.”

And we tramped back to the village, a black cat following us from the edge of the forest, where she’d been hunting, to her domicile next to the cake-shop below the inn, and Bill so disgusted and mad over my lack of enthusiasm he wouldn’t even bone me for a cigarette.

“How about Grez?” I asked Bill at dinner some nights later, when he had cooled somewhat over the affair of the fairy-esque marsh.

“Exquisite!” shouted half the tableful of painters, who had noticed Bill’s moroseness and overheard my remark.

“It is finer than this village,” replied Bill at length, reservedly. Since my lack of appreciation on the Fairy Marsh my boon companion had grown somewhat shy. “I mean it is finer in texture,” he was complacent enough to add, rolling an invisible powder between his thumb and forefinger. “It is more silvery. There is a wonderful old bridge down there,” he went on. “Simply beautiful in color!” And he

Bohemians at Large

brightened into something of his old self. "It is a great place, Grez—splendid fishing!" he continued.

My eyes opened wide with interest.

"How many times has Grez been painted?" I remarked.

"Paint it yourself," he bellowed, "if you can!"

"Hold on!" I replied. "I am not running down your pet village. Besides, I couldn't paint it if I tried," I said, apologetically. "I am not a painter; I am an observer. Why quarrel about your art?" I said. "Show me the bridge, or, better, show me the fishing, and I'll wager the cakes and ale, old man, they are all they are cracked up to be."

When I saw the bridge next day it was, as Bill expressed it, "a dream," from Bill's point of view.

Bill never takes me to see anything before sunset. He says nature is simpler then, more lovely, more comprehensible. In consequence, we generally have to foot it home after dark.

It was a gentle, purling stream, as I recall it, that this chef d'œuvre of a bridge spanned.

Kneeling women were pounding in holes a

Parisians out of Doors

late wash on the reedy edge of the opposite bank. A bay horse had been hitched in the cool water under the first arch, to bring his swelling joints to a normal outline.

Sundry late fishermen were half asleep, huddled in boats moored amid stream, catching nothing.

Plump! went the fresh bait of some patient Izaak.

Cur chunk! and a frog tumbled off a half-submerged log.

These were the only sounds in the cool night-air.

Bats wheeled and zigzagged above us, black against the yellow sky.

An hour passed. Bill was still painting. He wore a heavy pair of worsted gloves, and he was enthusiastic over a new sketch-box which had just come to him from England. He was like a child with a new toy.

“See,” he exclaimed, “that delicious silvery tone, that fine texture of bridge and trees and sky, that peculiar quality of——”

“Hold on!” I protested. “Do you know what time it is? In half an hour you won’t be able to find the road without a lantern, and it is

Bohemians at Large

a good hour's walk home. I could admire your technic better if I saw it with the rest of the tribe before that roaring fire and a tall drink."

And I began to dance around a tree to get warm.

"Yes, yes," he replied, like a man in a dream.



THE WAY HOME

"Yes, yes, I know. Squeeze me out a bit of emerald, will you, old boy? My hands are stiff."

I wormed out the necessary pat on his palette.

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"It's that little touch of green lantern over there near the boat-landing I want to put down."

Bill leaned back on his three-legged stool, jammed his brush in his oil-cup, lifted half the pat of brilliant green with the point of his brush, and, with the skill of a master, put it down in the right place.

"There, I'm done," he cried, rising on his stiffened legs. "Now for home."

And, gathering up his traps, we swung out at a good pace for Marlotte.

But I forgot—I have not told you that Bill is a *good* painter. Yes, indeed, for he has won medals, and a few of them were of gold. Neither must I omit to remind you that he took an honorable mention at the Salon for a sketch. It is a little thing of a cracked old bridge at Grez, and Bill always insists I helped him.

It is a kingly forest still, this great wood of Fontainebleau, this dry wilderness of towering pines, hemlocks, and giant beeches. A forest of white, sandy roads, which dry instantly after the heaviest downpour; and acres of fern-beds, golden brown in autumn, with little valleys and dales of violet heather intervening. A silent forest! Rarely a sound beneath the whispering

Bohemians at Large

pines, save for some garrulous band of crows flying over their tall fir-tops while out foraging for a dead hare, their pickets winging ahead of the sinister pack of vagabonds, alert to "Caw-caw!" at first glimpse of the enemy.

The forest is sunlight and shadow, its mossy bed strewn with thousands upon thousands of boulders encrusted with delicate lichens. These great stones are piled one upon the other or strewn about at random, as if some crew of giants had left them thus after a game of bowls. Nature never piles itself other than picturefully. Pats of blue sky pierce the rich green of the firtops. A small gray woodpecker with a vermillion topknot flutters to a hollow trunk and begins tapping vigorously. Far below me, skirting the bottom of a mossy ravine, winds a white road. A fog-horn blasts threateningly beyond the crest of the ravine, followed by a double report as savage as that of a six-shooter. Then a whining roar, and a big automobile swings in sight. It is rushing down the white road below me in the direction of Montigny. A glimpse of a fluffy green veil, of silk hoods inflated like toy balloons, and a crouching chauffeur, and they are gone! It is the ninth

Parisians out of Doors

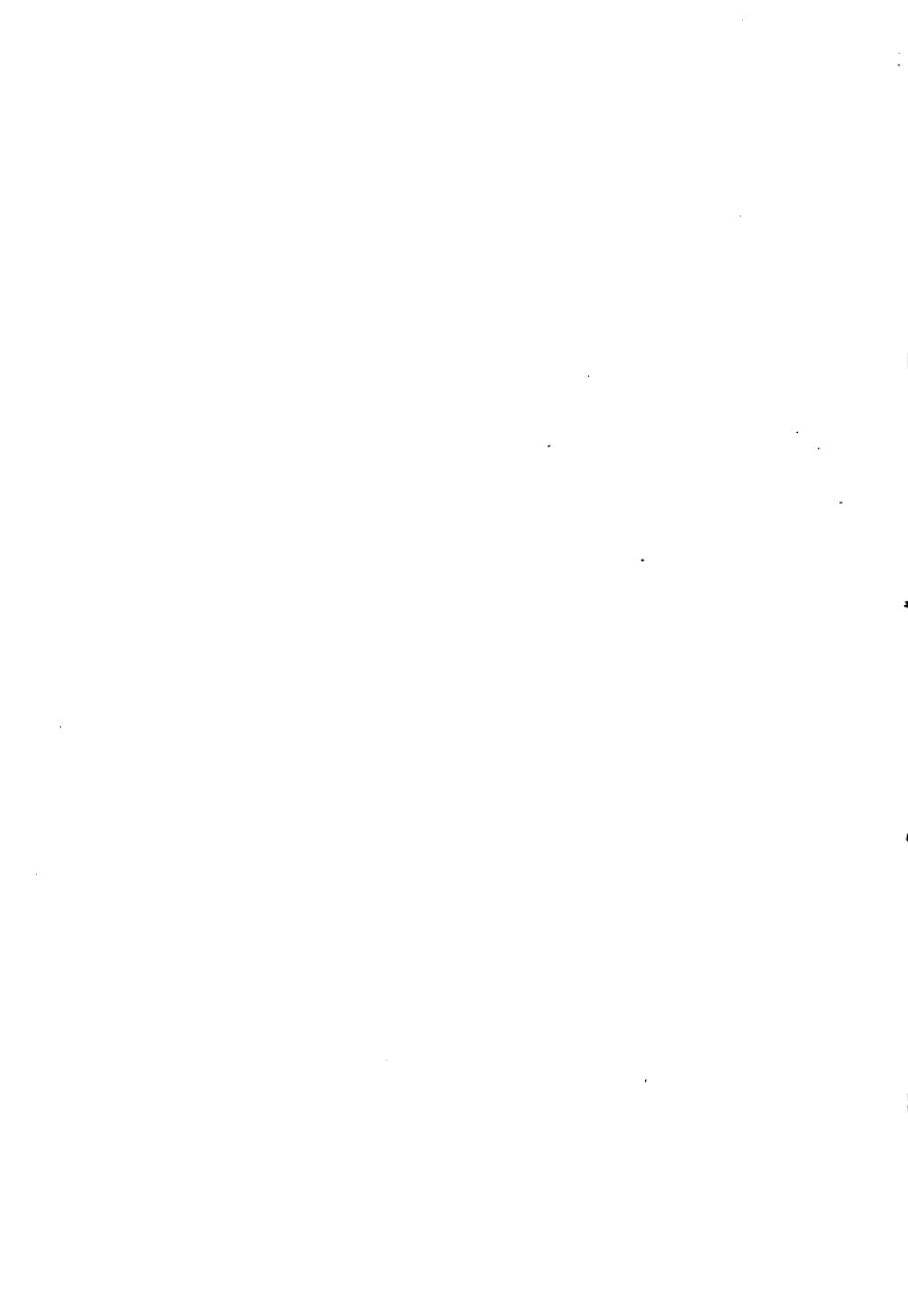
of its noisy kind that has rushed past me this morning. They are a pest in this sylvan solitude. Even my little friend, the woodpecker, would tell you so if you asked him.



CHAPTER VI

At St. Cloud

THE LIONS OF GASTON DU BARRY



CHAPTER VI

At St. Cloud

The Lions of Gaston du Barry



SURELY no other fête in France is so privileged in its surroundings as the fête of St. Cloud. Its double line of cheap sideshows and tawdry booths stretch from within the royal gateway, continue along the broad avenue leading to the palace, lie scattered about the base of the cascade, and end within the cool shadow of towering forest trees in the depths of whose green shade once gossiped in silks and laces the beaux and belles of the Empire.

To the vagabonds of the barriers, the people of the cheaper fêtes, whose lives are spent in their gipsy wagons the year round on the ragged edge of Paris, going to this annual fête of St. Cloud must seem like being transported from poverty's ash-heap to the Elysian Fields.

Parisians out of Doors

Seen through a vista of the luxuriant terraced forest the tawdry little fête with its painted booths nestles below you like a handful of choice jewels in a rich setting. The gaudy patched tents and barracks seem like ragged vagabonds lying about in drunken disorder in the King's own forest. Alas! the King is dead.

This fantastic line of claptrap barracks on wheels includes every type of the cheaper shows and catchpenny attractions. Carousels, turned by patient horses and patronized by giggling girls and their chance sweethearts, revolve to the blaring accompaniment of discordant organs, whose gilded façades are studded with mirrors and further ornamented with mechanical dolls who beat time to the music, rendering a rubadubdub bravely upon toy drums, or clashing vigorously the tiny cymbals strapped to their wooden arms. Big hot boilers, quivering with steam, supply the motive power upon undulating tracks, over which rush and roar miniature cars filled with screaming men and women, the bride's veil blowing in the wind, the happy bridegroom in his dress-suit steadyng her with one arm encircled about her new satin waist, while the other hand holds tightly to his new silk hat.

At St. Cloud

There are ramshackle booths banked high with pink and green candies done up in tinfoil and ribbons; gingerbread dolls and cornucopias of sticky sweets presided over by lying Greeks and brigands from Armenia in plush coats embroidered in gold, whose family and social estate are vouched for by canvas banners painted in oil depicting their own seraglios in the Orient by moonlight and their palaces by day.

There are shooting-galleries, with dancing eggs pirouetting upon jets of water, impossible marks for the passing boastful shot and his hired rifle, whose sights have been shrewdly knocked askew. Beyond these, in a dirty, greasy wagon, lives the seventh daughter of a seventh son, who drops you an evil-eye glance as you pass, and goes on frying her dinner of fish. For a few sous this gray-haired hag will divine your future and place within your clutch fame, fortune, and a long life. The secret of perennial youth may be had for a supplement of two francs. The reeking smoke from the meal she is frizzling drifts up in the sunny green of the King's trees, putting to flight a dozen twittering birds who dart away into the forest.

Here and there along the weather-beaten

Parisians out of Doors

track, peep-shows, sadly in need of fresh paint, advertise for two sous the latest horrors within their mystic portals. By gluing one's eye to a series of magnifying-glasses one can gaze in rapt astonishment at badly colored photographs of "Napoleon Crossing the Alps," "Wine, Women, and Song," the "Massacre of St. Bartholomew," the latest sensational murder, and the crowning of Pius X. To the right of these a barker is lecturing to the crowd. Beside him, upon a kitchen chair, is a diminutive doll's house. "The smallest man in the world inside of it," bawls the barker. Upon its toy roof sits, in thought, a sad monkey, clasping in its arms, like an aged nurse, a little white and brown guinea-pig. From a miniature window of the doll's house is thrust the hand of the midget; his fist, wrinkled like that of an old man, grasps a tiny dinner-bell which he rings vigorously while he squints out of an adjoining window with the hollow eye of an infant that has been stunted with a drug. And yet the hang-jawed barker shouts to you that the mite within is twenty years old and calls him "General," to which the one within replies with a squeak, and rings his bell to show he is alive. This may

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help you to reflect upon the stunted and degenerate life of the "General," whose babyhood has been cramped in that doll's house, and whose nearest companions have been the sad monkey and the uncomfortable guinea-pig upon its roof. I happen to know the "General's" parents who sold him.

And there is yet another barrack among the rest—a plain gray one upon wheels. The grass in front of it is worn in narrow paths leading to the steps at its entrance. It is the only barrack not included in the program, for it belongs to the French Government, a nomad jail, you might conjecture, as a convenient lock-up for the daily "drunks and disorderlies"; but this would be quite unnecessary, since drunkenness is as infrequent among these hard-working people as brawls. They have little time for either, and a unanimous contempt for both. Besides, there are no prison-bars to the little square windows, whose sashes are immaculate in fresh paint and hung with dainty white curtains spick and span from the *blanchisseuse*.

No, my friend, it is the daily school for the children of the fêtes. Often the class in spelling are forced to attend, with the paint and chalk

still showing on their chubby faces; the little boys' clown suits and the little girls' tights and spangles hidden under the traditional and obligatory black apron. Thus it is that in France no child can grow up in ignorance; even these little wanderers have their school, and upon the first day of August you will see them with the laurels and the prizes they have won; a crown of golden leaves for petite Marie, and for Jacques a big book bound in scarlet linen and stamped with an elaborate design, being the instructive adventures and travels of some French explorer or the life of Robinson Crusoe.

There is a ragged carpet spread upon the ground in a cleared space beyond the cascade, and a family of strolling acrobats are tumbling upon it for the spare sous of an idle crowd. There is the father in his well-worn doublet and tights, a gaunt, gray-eyed man, whose once supple joints have become stiffened with long exposure, and now he can only serve in holding the rest of the family upon his shoulders.

His wife, a fair-haired, delicate looking woman, whose slim, wiry figure has been robbed of every feminine line by years of hard training, stands at his side. Her children, the seven



THE FÊTE OF ST. CLOUD

tumbling tots about her, have been brought up on that ragged carpet. When they are ranged in line their curly heads are graded one above the other as evenly as the pipes of their hand-organ: Clarice, the eldest, a mischievous little tomboy, despite her fifteen years of serious life; Jacques, who has inherited much of the patient resolution of his mother; Marie and Jean; Babette and Mathilde, the latter aged five, and lastly Loulou, whose real name is Louis. Loulou is in his calico suit with its big buttons in impossible places, with a grinning yellow moon upon his little back, his felt peaked cap jammed upon his curly head. His chubby cheeks are chalked and streaked with black and vermillion, which is half erased a dozen times during the day when Loulou has the good luck to secure some candy, and proceeds, like a hungry wolf, to deposit it safely in his insatiable small stomach before it is clawed away from him by the rest of the pack and there remains of the treasure only his rightful share. And yet Loulou is neither the last nor the least, for there is yet another; the most important member of the family—the baby, cooing in his carriage next to the bass-drum, and whom the rest adore; even Loulou,

At St. Cloud

whose sole occupation, when not making faces and standing on his curly head, is the serious pursuit of candy, will share it with baby. And there is not a spare moment when the lean, fair-haired mother in her tights does not fly to it, tucking it more snugly in its carriage; snatching a hurried kiss, her sad eyes beaming with happiness. During rests she trundles it back and forth behind the crowd.

“Hoop la!” Loulou is standing on his head; Jean is beating the big drum that serves as the orchestra; Clarice has turned a back somersault from her father’s shoulders. “*Fais dodo!*” croons the mother, tucking the baby back into his carriage. Then she springs upon the carpet and turns a dozen handsprings in rapid succession.

Meanwhile Babette and Jacques have made a detour about the ragged edge of the mat in a series of cart-wheels. The sous begin to patter on the carpet like the first drops of a merciful rain. Voila! they have all finished except Loulou, the clown, who rolls upon his face and refuses to get up. It is a trick he has invented for his own special delight; for he is gorging the while a pink “*sucre d’orge*,” and he refuses to

budge as long as he can lie on his chalked face and chew unmolested. His mother and sisters have been given a short rest and are amusing the baby with his new toy, a pretty rubber dog. They bought it with the proceeds of a lucky day and went to bed without their soup that night in payment for it, those hardy little wolves, but they did it willingly, and the delight of the baby more than paid them.

It seemed strange to see that mother in her patched fleshings hugging that precious mite to her breast as unconscious of her costume and her surroundings as if she had been rocking it robed in a tea-gown, and in the seclusion of its nursery. It rang true. Here was a glorified maternity among those we are wont to style "vagabonds."

A good fairy is a difficult thing to summon, and the makeshifts we supply are often but meager substitutes; but I should have liked to have summoned one that she might have touched with her wand that poor little carriage with its broken springs and filled it to overflowing with shining pieces of gold, and that she might have hung about that mother's neck a string of flawless pearls—for pearls stand for

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purity—and upon her fair hair have placed a wreath of honor.

But it is not to Loulou, Clarice, or the baby, or to his mother that my mind reverts now. Their carpet occupied a patch of ground skirting a green grove of horse-chestnut trees within whose shade lodges the last show of the fête, and the most important, since it covers some three acres of space, the Menagerie of Gaston du Barry, and it was here that I met this *bon garçon*, this man of nerve and quixotic adventure.

I picked him out at once, a tall man wearing a military jacket buttoned close to his strong throat, and polished high boots. He stood at the entrance addressing the crowd that had gathered waiting for the next hourly performance to begin.

Fate did not destine Gaston du Barry to become a lion-tamer. His successful career as a sculptor seemed assured, when at the age of twenty-four, a grave and irreverent jury of the Salon awarded him a gold medal for his "Tiger and Nymph." You might not have cared much for the nymph, but the tiger was a masterly piece of modeling; even the critics stood

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before it and grunted their approbation with an impressive "*Pas mal!*" while the great sleek cat looked down upon them from her pedestal in disdain. The tiger was in bronze; the nymph in pure white marble, tinted in the most delicate of flesh tones, that suggestion of pink that is neither pink nor white—the freshness of youth.

How bizarre! this bronze beast in contrast to the white nymph, who playfully held her pet in check by a withe of river weeds. Yet no more bizarre than many of the things this *bon garçon* did, for Gaston's life, from his youth up, had been a series of golden opportunities; few of which he had ever taken advantage of, for he was periodically lazy; in a word he was a Bohemian, a fellow who lived like a king within the realm of his dreams. He had been to Eton and spoke English perfectly, and Italian as well, and had drifted into sculpture more as an excuse to remain a permanent fixture in the heart of his kingdom of Bohemia than through any serious love for art.

Like most lazy men, when he did work, to retain even a vestige of his dreamland, he flew at his task with the combined energy and rapidity of ten practical men. When he tackled a

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new bronze he fought it from the moment of its rough beginning in clay until he had shipped it away in its finished state. Then Gaston would take a rest like a gladiator after a combat. Physically he was equal to herculean tasks like these. He was as tall as a dragoon, and as strong as a bull; the muscles of his arms were knotted and massive like those of the strong men in the *fêtes foraines*. His features were as clean-cut as an Apollo, and his well-proportioned head, with its close crop of blond hair, was set upon his broad shoulders like the head of a commanding general; only when you looked into his blue eyes did you see the character within this outward armor. His eyes were merry and genial; often a reckless, devil-may-care light gleamed from their depths; again they were as tender as a woman's and quite as irresponsible.

True, that upon most occasions he was without a cent; nor was it any more surprising that Madame Dupuy, having silenced her dutiful conscience, knocked often timidly at his studio-door in vain for the rent that belonged to an uncommonly prosperous old *marchand de peaux*, the number of whose various rentable mansions,

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studios, and rooms, could not longer be counted upon his eight fat fingers and his two pudgy thumbs.

Gaston's allowance, which was supposed to last him thirty days, never sufficed for more than two; most of it he spent, as the world is too often apt to misjudge, in "riotous living," which is, at least, one charitable way to rid oneself of one's money, since the pleasure it brings includes good cheer to one's friends, and Gaston had many. How many Mimos and Maries and struggling "*bons garçons*" he had helped!

Bohemia, happily, never kept its accounts; in fact, it has none; and more than that. its children do not make those narrow and miserly inquiries regarding the little and big miseries that come to us all, that the rich banker, the eminently successful man, and other well-fed individuals in so-called well-ordered communities do. There are no savings banks in Bohemia, and forethought, that governor which controls the extra steam of youth and good-fellowship, rarely exists, tho I believe the great Balzac himself had learned, by dint of cruel want in his garret days, to hide in remote niches of his air castle, an occasional five-franc piece—when he had

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the good fortune to have any to spare—that he might have the joy of discovering it by a diligent search, in time of need, secreted among the leaves of old pamphlets, among tumbled odds and ends, and between the linings of his most threadbare clothes. This was not, however, the case with Gaston; that which jingled in his pocket went out of it almost as quickly as it had dropped in.

Even the gold medal which the Grand Jury of the Salon had bestowed upon him, that shining emblem of peace, praise, and supposed prosperity, he flipped with a laugh into the dainty lap of Annette, who had it sawed in half by the little jeweler at the corner of the Rue du Four, and into one-half of which she pressed lovingly, with her own dimpled fingers, the photograph of that good fellow; strung the keepsake upon a tiny chain and tucked it beneath her black bodice against her smooth little throat, where it slumbered in remembrance.

All this happened years ago. The years of youth are so long!

If the wolf, as often happened, sniffed too close to the crack of his studio door, Gaston would drag forth his slumbering talent and use

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it to its utmost, and when his pockets jingled again life seemed worth the living. A new piano would be hired to replace the one seized by its owners, and a fresh account would be opened with a well-preserved little marquise who kept the wine-shop at the corner of the Rue des Dames. Gallantines of chicken, jambon d'York, and sparkling Vouvray would gladden, with the best of cheer, his dusty atelier.

“*Allons, mes enfants*, it is an invitation to you all, do you understand? Ninette, Celeste, you Paul and you Jacques, with your red ribbon and your oldest corduroy clothes. Bring Félicie, do you hear? Let us shut out the world! What are these hard-earned ducats of mine for?” Gaston would cry. “They have been hard enough to catch, parbleu! Now that we have them they shall serve us all well, to the last sou!” “It is time enough,” argued that talented philosopher, “to face trouble when it comes,” and he would tell you he had known single hours in his life at times when he was flush, that had served him as blissful memories for years.

Gaston possessed among the heirlooms of his distinguished family an indulgent uncle, a well-

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seasoned old gourmand at whose estate near Moscow he made a yearly pilgrimage and returned in due time to the atelier with the memories of some good shooting and a comfortable check.

Upon one of these visits he spent a fortnight at a neighboring estate belonging to a friend of his uncle, another old bachelor, who drew the curtains about the windows of his great stone house and held free carnival within until the wine spilled and the candles burnt low and sputtered in their sockets. Here Gaston met and loved Irska Tillowska, a beautiful woman who wore priceless emeralds and exhibited three trained cockatoos in the leading hippodromes of the Continent. This was the extent of the lady's talents, except to make trouble—at the latter art she was an expert. Gaston fell desperately in love with her, a very brave thing to do considering the meagerness of his fortune. With an impetuosity born of the most serious fascination of his life, he followed her. To make matters worse this pretty woman of a thousand moods declared she loved him, this clever beauty, in whose veins flowed the blood of Upper Bohemia; whose eyes were as black as jet and as brilliant as a snake's, and who moved with the

Parisians out of Doors

grace of a leopard. When the devil wishes to fashion a snare and a delusion and hide it with in the mask of rare beauty, no artisan can rival him. Irska was one of his *chefs-d'œuvre*.

If I seem to dwell upon the alluring charms of this idol of leisure Europe, it is for a reason! Irska was the turning-point in Gaston's life. It was she who drew him from the high road to artistic fame down a rough and stony by-road over which he stumbled along for years and lived the life of a vagabond, and the Rue des Dames knew him no more as a *bon garçon*. Even that good Madame Dupuy, his concierge, could not tell you where he had gone or when he would return. Tears would well up in her honest, motherly eyes, and her nose would grow very red as she told you this, and she would turn away sadly and disappear in the gloom of her stuffy little room with its high bolstered feather-bed with its coverlet just grazing the ceiling and its mantelpiece choked with the left-behind bric-à-brac of poets and painters, in the center of which reposed a dingy gilt frame containing the portrait of her dead son. Yes, indeed! Madame Dupuy loved that good-for-nothing Gaston like a mother. Poor soul!

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Ah, mon Dieu! How many had loved him! Celeste, the little model he had rescued from a worthless father in a hovel on the ragged fringe of the Boulevard Picpus littered with shanties and reeking with the odor of the abattoirs; and Annette, thrice happy Annette, who brought his wash—so very little of it always—and yet Annette donned a fresh apron and combed her pretty hair until it shone like gold, and stuck a rose in it besides, and thus she would bring monsieur his wash tied up in a black tablier to keep it from the dust, and all for that good-for-nothing fellow. And now that worthless garçon had gone away, no one knew where, not even Madame Dupuy, and next week the sheriff would surely come and in the name of the Ville de Paris, cart away the unfinished nymphs, the little wax models of tigers, and the great clay sketch of the bear rearing on its hind legs; and monsieur's bed, and the ridiculously small stove with its tall pipe, and his books, and whatever else littered the abode of the man of dreams. It was very sad, for monsieur was still so young! Poor Madame Dupuy was quite beside herself.

And Irska! What became of Irska, radiant in the calcium light in a thousand articles and a

hundred blazing gems; Irska, whose sloe-black eyes regarded you from their sly corners like a rat; Irska, who had wrecked others as she had wrecked that *bon garçon* of a Gaston with that consummate skill born of the devil and nurtured in a certain vicious extravagance in all things; Irska, who threatened when things were not forthcoming, grew penitent and threatened again, those quiet and seemingly justifiable little threats that turn men's blood cold. Did you know, I wonder, the young lieutenant in Moscow? Well, Irska could tell you all about him. He died.

And old Mirabeau the banker, who fled at last from his estimable family and the cockatoos and their siren, and hired a dingy little furnished room in Zurich with his last available francs and there blew off the top of his tired brain—.

And the young duke who fared quite as badly in the end—and there always was an end. And as time went on the end came to Irska, for she grew stout and rolled in her carriage in the Bois quite regardless of expense, in gowns that would have been more becoming to a debutante, and whose cost swelled her debts until they were the talk of Paris. Then in a last supreme effort to

regain recognition, she dressed the infant children of her maid in frocks of écrù velvet and Valenciennes lace, and took them regularly at five for cakes and chocolate at Armentonville, where even the waiters would smile in out-of-the-way corners, at this latest mockery of a fine lady posing as a saint.

This now reserved and gracious grande dame in black, with Madonna eyes, was made up especially for the occasion. The livery of her coachman and footman was as subdued as an equipage belonging to the widow of a deceased patriot of noble blood. It was a beautiful scheme, and all would have been well had not the features of jade lying beneath the enamel been as familiar to Parisians as the Bois itself. And thus Irska was driven out of the gates of Paradise, and the Monde knew her no more.

Gaston had worked for years in the strolling menageries and Fêtes Foraines, making sketches of animals long before he won the gold medal for his bronze tiger; so when the heartless Irska turned him adrift and the serious problem of three meals a day and a dry roof at night presented itself, Gaston struck out for the nearest traveling menagerie and joined the show.

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Here he lectured brilliantly under the flare of the gasoline lamps for his board and lodging, and enough to spare for an occasional *petit verre* and his cigarettes. They traveled from one town to another in the provinces wherever the calendar of *fêtes* led them, but being a small show, they kept clear of Paris, where the ground-rent in the *Fêtes Foraines* comes high.

Months in the open air toughened the young sculptor; it knocked all the laziness out of him and made him alert, and he grew to like the life. The very freedom of this nomad existence appealed to his spirit of adventure; he became a "strong man"; he girded himself with a lion skin like the mighty Atlas, and lifted weights, some of which were heavy and some of which were fakes. There are never any scales, you will notice, around the platforms of "strong men"; you must read the numbers designating the weight of the cannon-balls and take their word for it.

He worked hard and actually saved a little money and entered into partnership with one of the most famous wild-beast trainers of France, a short thick-set Gascon, a shrewd fellow who knew the Abyssinian desert and had bought



THE STRONG MAN

animals in Asia and Africa for the English Exchanges, and who spoke fluently seven languages. His name upon the bills appeared as "Salvator the Unconquerable," and, at intervals daily, he entered a den containing three forest-bred lions and set them through their paces. They were an ugly lot, and more than once had crowded him into a tight corner; but Salvator possessed that peculiar nerve with which animal trainers are born; that cool patient domination that conquers.

When he entered a den he did not hesitate a second; he came in with the assurance of a hustling manager pressed for time, and he'd have those three snarling forest-breds leaping out of his reach at every crack of his rawhide whip. He meant business, and he made them know it. The show was a success. Gaston exhorted the gaping crowds to enter in sufficient numbers to enable him to feed his stock and pay his men, and altho the lions were his on credit only, he felt confident that a few weeks more of success would enable him to pay the note he had given for their use, settle for the rest of the paraphernalia, and thus become the legal proprietor of his show.

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All would have gone well had not "Salvator the Unconquerable" failed to appear the night they opened in the Fête at Rouen. The dominating master of three forest-bred lions had become lost in some convivial nook of that picturesque old town, and was at that very moment when needed, doubtless pouring forth his soul in maudlin song in a warm and snug corner of some cozy café. Gaston scoured the town for him, but to no purpose. He had vanished! Two days passed, but he did not return. Meanwhile the show was closed for the lack of a lion tamer, and the lions roared in their dens, unaccustomed to a holiday, while the crowd hooted without at the bills announcing the long-heralded Salvator. The situation for Gaston du Barry was critical; meanwhile the lions had to be fed; ruin stared him in the face; there was no alternative left him but to enter the den himself. It seemed certain death, but death was better than ruin and disgrace.

Gaston made up his mind to take the risk. Lights flared before the tent the next night. The small square where the show was pitched was thronged early in the evening with peasants and towns-people. Flaming letters announced

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that the “Unconquerable Salvator” would positively appear. The mechanical organ at the entrance blared out its liveliest tunes, and a big canvas before the door represented the intrepid Salvator in a desperate encounter with a huge lion some years previous at Lille.

Within the long tent the forest-bred paced to and fro behind the bars. Other cages, containing more wild beasts, two light-footed wolves, a bear, and a jackal, continued on either side of the central exhibition den, back of which ran a passageway, at which end hung a bloody half of an ox, the other half of which hung in raw sections from steel hooks. The butcher is one of the most important factors of an animal show. In front of the dens a board platform ran back of the bunch of choice seats in front; it was divided into two sections for standing room, the furtherest one from the cages being the cheapest.

Already the crowd gathered in the square was beginning to pour into the tent; hardy old peasants, pretty village girls, whole families with their children in from their farms. A wealthy old ox dealer had just extracted his small black wallet from beneath his blue blouse, carefully

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unwound the string about it, and paid for a front seat with a louis. He got his right change to a sou; there is no short changing in these French shows, that universal practise which is a big source of revenue of every small tent-show that works through the hayseed districts of America.

Gaston, at the entrance, is shouting to the crowd to enter. He is pale, and his voice has lost its resonance. Those whom he is now waving in through the curtained doorway may be present in a few moments at his death. At last the tent is packed and the waiting crowd is stamping for the performance to begin. The lions, dull from their three days' rest, were in no humor to work. Pierre, the oldest keeper with the show, stood ready to pull open with a long iron hook the heavy door separating the lions from the exhibition den.

Gaston's hour had come! The heaviest lion, stirred into activity, emitted a snorting roar, and sniffed the crack in the partition, while the other two sprang viciously at the bars.

Rap! Rap! Gaston struck the butt of his rawhide whip on the other side of the door of the big den as a signal. He was coming in.

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Pierre slipped the catch and Gaston entered the cage. A shout went up from the crowd.

He was a sight!

From the village antiquary he had procured a Roman helmet, a breastplate, leg armor, and a huge shield which he carried on one arm like a gladiator and whose great size nearly covered him from head to foot. In his right hand he carried his rawhide whip, and with the left one gripped, with the shield, a big revolver.

“Ready!” cried Gaston, bracing himself for the attack.

Amid the yells of derision from the audience Pierre pulled the partition and the lions slipped in. When they saw the apparition in armor they sprang frantically against the bars like cornered cats. With a shout Gaston drove them from one corner to the next, cracking his whip and swearing at them in French, English, and Italian. He went after them in his clattering armor like a madman; the big lion roaring with mingled rage and fear, dashed himself against the bars, stretched to his full height on his hind legs until his gray, shaggy head, with a snarling roar, bumped the top of the cage, and the other two leaped at every vantage point out of the

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way of the cracking rawhide and the remarkable figure in the clashing breastplate and shield, the crowd yelling the while.

When, finally, the faithful Pierre reopened their partition, the three forest-bredes tumbled over one another in their haste to escape to the seclusion of their own den.

The conqueror, in his armor, badly winded from his exertions, his helmet askew, stood bowing to the now tumultuous applause. Then he turned to the heavy wooden door through which he had entered and rapped sharply with the butt of his whip as a signal for the groom waiting on the other side to open. The door swung back on its hinges, and Gaston sprang through the opened barrier that led to freedom.

Gaston du Barry had become a lion tamer!

To-day he is a veteran trainer, and the fame of his menagerie is a household word throughout France. Sometimes he comes to Paris on business. Upon hurried excursions like these he will often drop in to see Madame Dupuy and chat with her over the old student days, and when he leaves he will kiss that good motherly soul, who loved him, very tenderly upon both cheeks and manage to slip behind her clock with

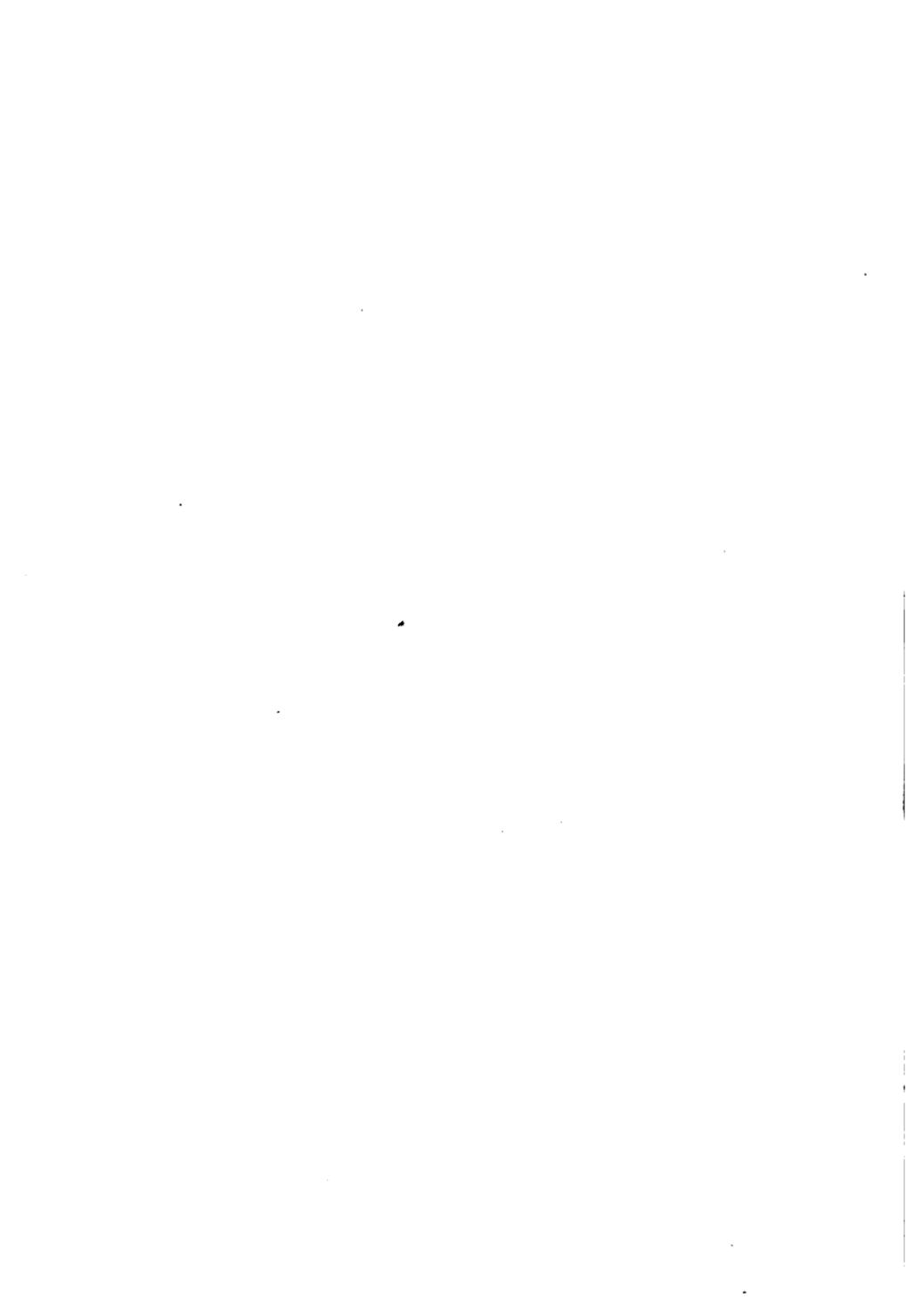
Parisians out of Doors

the gold cherubs a gold piece which she is sure to find when he is gone, and sometimes he will go through the narrow court and glance up at the windows of his old atelier now occupied by another.

But he never speaks of his art, and even Annette is gone!

CHAPTER VII

Monsieur Cassé's Château



CHAPTER VII

Monsieur Casse's Château



IN the forest at Barbizon, one morning a fortnight later, I looked from my window and noticed a new arrival. A ramshackle little pushcart, fitted with a sort of packing-box, was installed beneath a spreading beech, and a little old man was unhooking the front of the box, which was screened in turn by a fine wire netting.

Having done this, he proceeded to make his toilet, washing up from a tin basin which he produced from the rear of this traveling cage, combing with care his gray beard and shaggy white locks.

There seemed to be something of the dignified old seigneur about him, especially in the courtly way in which he spoke to an occasional passerby and in the manner with which he lifted

Parisians out of Doors

his broad-brimmed gray hat to an old peasant woman trundling by in her cart, who had wished him "Bonjour."

"Monsieur," I said, addressing him later.

He bowed courteously.

"May I ask what you have in that cage? I have been watching it with curiosity since your arrival."

"Vipers, Monsieur," he replied, and his eyes sparkled.

I backed away before I had gotten a closer glimpse of the deadly snakes that lay behind the netting.

The old man smiled.

"They will not hurt you, for the reason that they can not get out, and I will not let you get in." And he laughed reassuringly.

"You are showing them?" I ventured.

"Precisely, Monsieur. One must do something to live. It is I who have caught them all. I live in the forest in my little château, as I call it."

"And where might that be?" I asked.

"Ah! you do not know! Come, I will show you."

He led me to the back of the box and un-

Monsieur Gassé's Château

hooked its other half, which contained just room enough for him to crawl into. In this half was a mattress, a spotlessly clean pillow, two woolen blankets, a tiny shelf of books, and the stump of a candle. The vipers occupied the rest of the suite.

“Voilà!” he said, with a little shrug of his shoulders. “That is my château. One grows used to close quarters. As it is, I am better off than Diogenes. I should not have liked his tub.” And he chuckled to himself.

“And you are not afraid?”

“No, Monsieur, I am not afraid. You see, there is a board partition which prevents them from occupying the rest of my hotel.”

“And if you are bitten? They say there is no hope once their fangs strike blood.”

“Ah, Monsieur,” he replied, with a still lighter shrug, “one must die some time. Life is a chance. With me, I have but a few more years at best.”

All through the day the old gentleman lectured upon his vipers to little groups of the curious, who stopped in passing, listened, and gave him a few sous or nothing, then shrugged their shoulders, and, doubting his veracity, went

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their way, doubting what they saw and heard, as the ignorant are apt to who pay two sous grudgingly and see something real. Among those who stopped to listen were gaping peasants and pretty women from Paris in automobiles with their escorts, who chaffed and giggled as they half listened to what the old man said.

He would thrust his naked hand into the box, pick out a single viper among thirty other squirming, wriggling "certain deaths," and exhibit it to the throng, who backed away to a safer distance as he drew the snake forth and distorted his pink venomous jaws until the deadly fangs gleamed white to the roots.

He spoke in a soft, well-modulated voice as he held the snake's head pressed firmly between his forefinger and thumb. He told these timid, scoffing Parisians and awestruck peasants more about vipers than they had ever heard in their lives, and more about the forest, too; and he told me how he took them alive.

"Monsieur, you know what a 'brioche' is?" he began, as we sat chatting one twilight under the spreading beech, under whose generous arms he had installed his "château."

"Yes," I answered, and I recalled that small,



THE VILLAGE OF BARBIZON

round, puffy little biscuit which is served with *café au lait*.

“Well, a viper looks exactly like a brioche when coiled in the sun, a well-browned brioche. *Parbleu!* one can not tell the difference!” He hopped back from me excitedly as he spoke, knitting his brows in his earnestness. “You must take him just as you would snatch a brioche if you were hungry. *Er-rang!*” he shouted, as his vibrant hand darted toward a tuft of moss. “*Er-rang!*” His clenched hand like lightning had shot beneath the hollow of his left arm. “Good! we have him!” he cried. “Now feel, my friend, carefully for his head, pinching him firmly behind his jowls. *Et voilà!* he is yours! One must have courage, you see. One must not hesitate an instant! He is more elusive than quicksilver, and hate lies in his brain.”

Days passed, and I grew to know him better. One is not often privileged to have such a charming old gentleman to dinner.

“You must come,” I said, “and dine with me to-night, and we can talk at our ease.” And he had accepted. He had not apologized for his simple, rough clothes, nor did he confide in me

Monsieur Cassé's Château

that he could make but a poor appearance among others at the hotel. He was too well bred for that, and too genuine; but I noticed from my window that as evening drew on the old gentleman made his toilet with exceeding care, that he had donned a fresh flannel shirt, and was trimming his beard before a fragment of a mirror nailed to one end of his château. He came promptly at seven, and the table I had selected was in a restful corner, looking out upon the forest. It was a pleasure to watch him at his ease, his simplicity, and his charm of manner. He had about him that certain refinement of a man of the world. One might easily have mistaken him for some wise old savant of an archeologist, dining after his day's research afield.

Equally gratifying was the deference with which those who served him addressed him as Monsieur, laying noiselessly within reach of his hand the little comforts of a dinner. This was so typically French. In France politeness and deference to others is stronger than religion.

There was, too, an air of wholesome cleanliness about this simple, gray man, that is characteristic of men who live close to nature. Na-



A TRAIL THROUGH THE FOREST

Monsieur Bassé's Château

ture does not soil one. It is civilization which breeds slovenliness and filth.

He knew the woods as Thoreau knew them; and he knew Paris, too. That was long ago, he told me, as he lit his cigar over a shaded candle and touched the rim of his liqueur glass that the near-sighted but attentive garçon might not inadvertently overflow the curoçoa he was pouring over its dainty brim.

Ah, yes, he knew Paris! And for some moments he paused.

“I was a student then, Monsieur, in the Latin Quarter, and I lived in Montparnasse. You see, I have always loved the country. That quarter of Montparnasse has changed, I suppose. It was the open country, with a pretty stream running through it, when I knew it.”

He laid the ashes of his cigar tenderly in the small brass tray, then looked up in a reminiscent way, and said to me:

“And you are happy, I suppose, like the rest. You go to the Ball des Lilas, eh?”

It had gone, I told him, years ago.

“Gone!” he exclaimed.

“Only the site remains,” I told him. There is not even the old Café des Lilas left; only a

Parisians out of Doors

modern café retaining the old name beneath a modern, steam-heated horror of an appartement house. I saw his eyes grow dim.

“All gone!” he mused; “all gone!” as if it were difficult for him to grasp the truth. Then he continued, slowly: “It was at the Bal des Lilas that I met Cosette, my wife. Ah, yes, Monsieur, I once lived in Paradise! Cosette did not seem to age. Even when she grew older she seemed more like a child than a woman. She was so beautiful, with eyes like wet violets. I have a little portrait of her. A friend did it for me. He afterward became a very celebrated painter. His name was Jacquet. Cosette and I were married in the Mairie of the Val de Grâce. We had no money, but we had friends. It was a magnificent wedding. We had champagne and a wonderful dinner. The barrack of a place, in which more than a dozen of us students lived, was in the middle of a deserted garden. The house was literally tumbling down, and when it rained the roof leaked. We paid next to nothing to stay there. We were married in June. Every one loved my Cosette. Well, they all came to the wedding banquet in the garden, all our friends, each bringing some-

Monsieur Cassé's Château

thing of good cheer from their shops; and they took more pains about it than if it had been the wedding of a countess. Monsieur Pons, who lived near by, was a celebrated pastry cook. He was once, indeed, chief pastry cook at the palace; and Madame Jouvenet's pâtés were equally famous. There were bottles of excellent champagne from Madame Allard's, who kept the little wine shop on our corner; and steaming things from good Madame Trébot's, where my comrades and myself used occasionally to dine. Dear old Madame Trébot! she would not let her children marry without a banquet. Every one seemed to be good Madame Trébot's children. She was like a mother to all of us boys and girls, and that is why, I say, she would not let Cosette and me go hungry for our wedding without a little thing to——”

He stopped abruptly and leaned his head on his hand. “Cosette!” he moaned softly to himself. “Cosette, I am so tired without you—so tired!”

The room had grown deserted, the only light left being the shaded candles upon our table.

“Forgive me, Monsieur,” he said, at length. “I forgot myself. But then it has been so long

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since I have dined thus and had some one to talk to. I should not have let my poor old heart get the better of me. One must have courage. And yet I am of so little use in the world—of really so little use. If it were not for the forest I should long ago have been glad to die; but the woods have been kind to me—I have grown to love them. You see, in winter, when it is too cold to sleep out of doors, I do a little work in some village. With this, and what I save in the summer from my vipers, I manage to pull through the year; but many times it is a hard fight, and often I go hungry. It is a tyrant, that stomach of ours, at times, eh?"

"Did Cosette leave you?" I ventured.

He started.

"She died, Monsieur—of starvation—in my arms."

He looked up, his eyes dilating strangely.

"I have been a dreamer!" he cried, savagely, half rising in his chair. "Bon Dieu! I have fought hard; but it is fate, I suppose. Everything seems to have failed," and he shook his head gloomily; "even my name—Cassé—Henri Baptiste Cassé."

"How do you spell it?" I asked.

Monsieur Cassé's Château

"C, a, s, s, é," he replied, with a sad smile and a simple shrug of his shoulders. "Just as you spell 'cassé' when you say an object is broken."

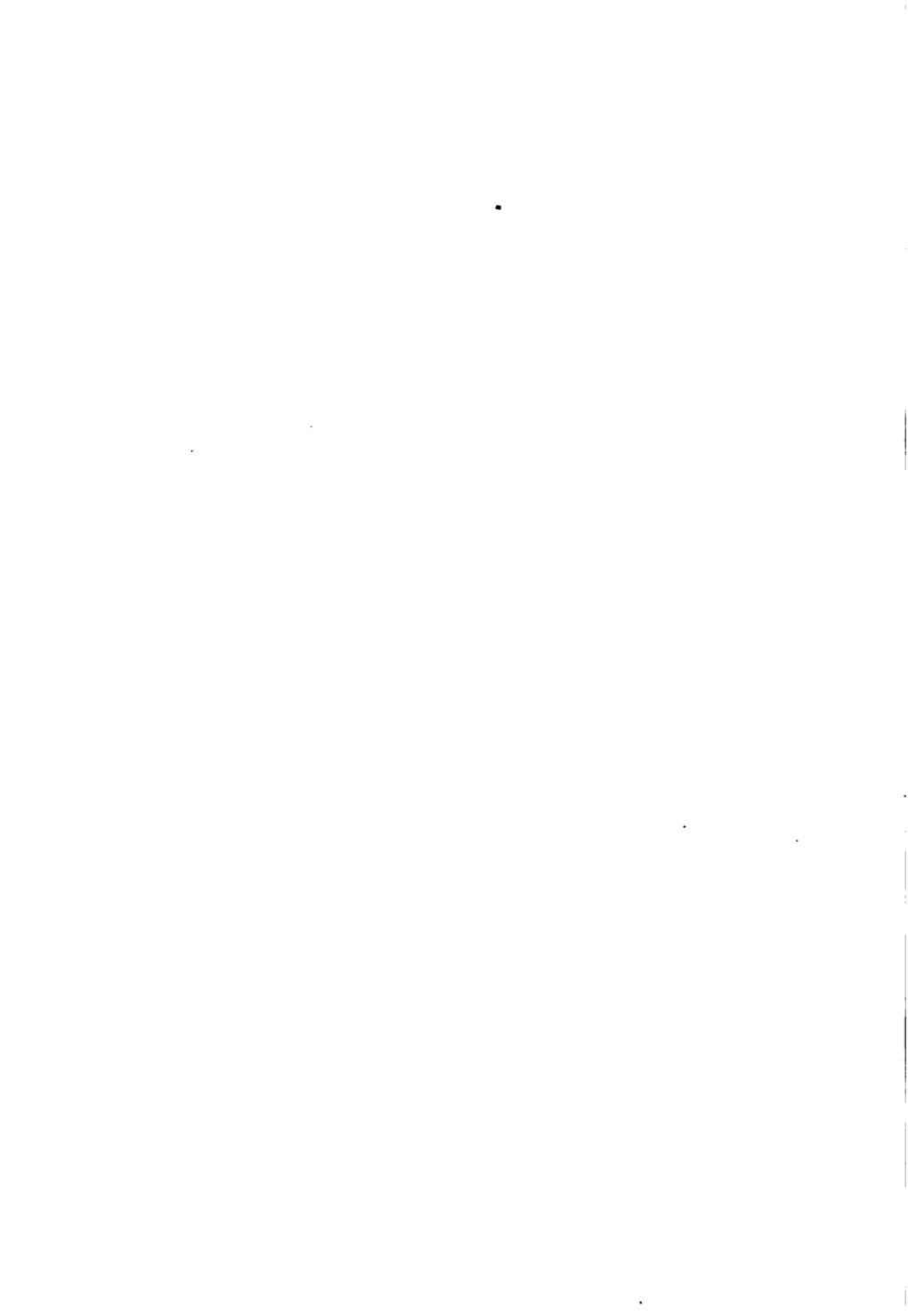
We left the table, and I bade him good-night in front of his château.

"I must return to Paris to-morrow," I said. "Cheer up, my friend; take a little heart. You have good health still; that is something to be thankful for."

"Ah! yes, indeed, I have good health," he replied, brightening. "It is because I live as simply as a squirrel. My vipers do not bring me luxuries. A fresh egg a day, a little bread and cheese, a little tea or coffee, or a little vin rouge with water—the latter are my luxuries."

He held the lighted stump of a candle above my head, that I might better pick my way back to my quarters, and then suddenly he grasped my hand in silence and turned his steps back to his château.

It was at another dinner, among a few alert financiers, an architect, and a dreamer, a few nights later, that we rebuilt Monsieur Cassé's château and sent it away by registered post.



CHAPTER VIII

Flowers, Sunshine, and Baccarat

CHAPTER VIII

Flowers, Sunshine, and Baccarat



HIS raw winter morning Paris lies chilled to the marrow, in a thin, vaporish mist. Even those Parisians who patronize the open-air terraces of their cafés throughout the entire year turn their collars up now, slap their chests vigorously, and hurry on to a warm corner in some neighboring café. The leaden roofs, coated with a film of ice, glint in the gray morning light, and the fat cocher, putting an extra measure of live coals in his foot-warmer, mutters philosophically to himself, "*Fait pas chaud!*" which, literally translated into Anglo-Saxon, means: "It's not hot!"

Altho I shivered with the rest on my early

Parisians out of Doors

morning way, after my coffee and roll by candle light, to the Gare de Lyon, I could not help despatching a prayer of thanks to that kind Providence which had decreed that in half an hour I should be on the train known as the "Côte d'Azur Rapide," being, as it were, hurled to the Riviera, the land of flowers, of oranges and olives, of blue sky and sun—plenty of sun. The very thought of it seemed to warm me, so much so that I discarded that imitation of heat, the tin-can furnace in the bottom of my ramshackle fiacre, looked out of the rattling window as we trundled on, and smiled at the fog.

There is something sensational about the Côte d'Azur Rapide. There is nothing luxurious about either the exterior or the interior of this fast train. Its three coaches, baggage-cars, dining-car, and engine have that veteran look about them of having earned the right of rushing down to the blue Mediterranean, a distance of over a thousand kilometers, in thirteen hours and fifty minutes, because they have been tried and found true.

Some of the Parisians, this chilly morning, crowding with their traps into the compartments, shrugged their shoulders in a disap-

Flowers, Sunshine, and Baccarat

pointed sort of way. They had evidently expected to find a train with a gold and mosaic interior and an exterior in Louis XVI. design, with panels depicting "L'Amour," "The Minuet," and a "Flight of Cupids," with an observation-car lined with pale rose satin, and real live Italian flower-girls in the buffet-car. I confess I did myself. What I really found was a solid, somber, comfortable-looking train with accordion-pleated connections, steaming, compact, and carefully oiled. The first of its four or five relays of engines lay ahead, breathing heavily; then the hands of the big clock crawled to eight thirty, the chef in charge blew his whistle, and we slipped away without any fuss whatever, past a line of officials and train-men doffing their caps.

Once clear of the yard, with its network of tracks, she leaped suddenly into a pace which made me hold my breath. We seemed to stand still and rock, while the surrounding real estate rushed back to Paris.

It made the florid little fat Parisian, in new yellow kid gloves, opposite me, look aghast. He had at the moment of starting donned a light silk duster and a pair of felt bedroom slip-

pers for such a "grand voyage," and had been reading his favorite column in the *Matin* and glancing occasionally at a chic little Parisienne who, with her many belongings, including her latest chapeau in its paper box, had settled her trim self in the corner-seat, when the pace awoke him from his reverie.

"*Mon Dieu!*" he exclaimed, starting in his seat and gazing out at the flying landscape. "Ah! it is fantastic—bizarre—this rapidity!"

"Does Monsieur," interrupted the chic owner of the latest chapeau, "think there is any danger?"

This with no little apprehension on mademoiselle's part, for there was a naïve, appealing look in her blue eyes.

"We must be resigned, Mademoiselle," returned monsieur, accenting every word with his gloved hands. "*Sapristi!* It is a speed to make one's head turn. *Mon Dieu!* it is a dream, a fantasy!" he repeated; "and yet Mademoiselle should really have no fear." He said this with grave importance. "Old voyagers like Monsieur," nodding to me, "and myself grow accustomed to these little surprises." And his eyes snapped with good-humor as he recounted



ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOR OF NICE

Parisians out of Doors

to me sundry sensational grand voyages he remembered, altho I doubt if he had ever been farther than Lille in his life.

“One is naturally timid at first,” replied made-moiselle, cheerily, her cheeks flushed with the new sensation. “But truly it is delightful! *C'est chic, eh?*” And she laughed and settled herself in her corner as contentedly as a kitten. And then: “Messieurs,” she added, merrily, after a pause, “we are going to the land of the sun. Oh, la! la! it will be good to feel that after Paris, eh? I adore the sun. Yes, indeed, for I am half southern myself.”

French people *en voyage* love to talk to each other. The journey among strangers is something to be enjoyed, and conversation is immediately begun among them. That exclusive type of Anglo-Saxon who keeps unto himself and rarely speaks to his fellow traveler is to them incomprehensible. You will find the French, as a class, excellent traveling companions, taking things as they come, always courteous and ready to do any little thing for the comfort of others, and accept the ups and downs of traveling with good-nature, making many a journey shorter with their subtle humor and their



[Drawn by Cardona]

“IN THE HEIGHT OF THE SEASON”



Flowers, Sunshine, and Baccarat

comradery. There are two things you can not teach a Frenchman: discretion and courtesy. He has both at his finger-ends.

And thus it was only natural that we three shared our wine together at luncheon and told tales over the liqueur at dinner, all of which made this "grand voyage," so "bizarre and fantastic," the shorter and the merrier.

At ten fifty, to the minute, that night we rolled into Nice. I opened the compartment window and hailed a waiting porter. The air which wafted in that window was a joy to breathe; it was soft and warm and laden with the scent of flowers. Beyond the big station great palm-trees rose in the moonlight, and nearby I caught a glimpse of a garden full of orange-trees, the yellow fruit upon one shining under an electric street light. It seemed like a dream, too good to be true.

Did midwinter exist, or had the world slipped in its course?

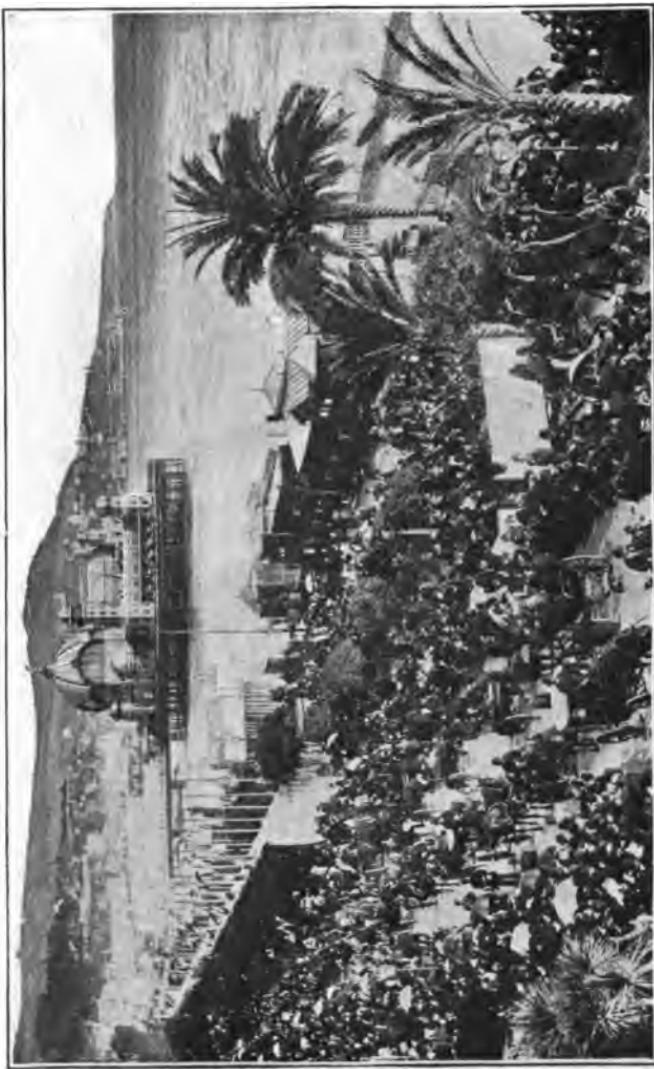
Later, in that most restful and charming hotel of Nice, the Hôtel des Anglais, a noiseless little maid was attending to those comforts which make a room in a perfectly run hotel as comfortable as one's own, and an equally noise-

Parisians out of Doors

less waiter had placed a silver tray at my elbow, with a decanter of old Scotch, a sparkling frigid bottle of soda, and a glass as thin as a bubble. As I sat there dreaming after my voyage, "so bizarre and fantastic," I heard outside my window the blue Mediterranean swishing softly upon a moonlit beach; and long into the night I dreamed and smoked, gazing at the sea and watching the silvery froth of the gentle, curling waves breaking, seething, and receding.

It was all here, after all—the town of roses and laughter and high carnival. Within a few minutes by train lay one of the most beautifully constructed, the most fascinating, and ruinous magnets in the world—Monte Carlo—to which hundreds of thousands have flocked for years to win or lose. I had heard, too, that close beside it stood that little principedom of riches, the principality of Monaco, unobtrusive as a pawn-broker, independent and sufficient unto itself—its palace and surrounding spotless town firm upon a great rock jutting into the moonlit sea, a siren of a rock barnacled with the last sous of idle Europe.

I would see this land of flowers, of blue sky, of fashion and holiday, in the morning, and see



THE BATTLE OF FLOWERS

Parisians out of Doors

it slowly, for I had plenty of time—whole days, in fact—before the other half of my yellow ticket would be declared worthless.

Imagine a morning at Nice of brilliant sunshine, a soothing, balmy sun flashing upon a crescent-shaped bay streaked with sapphire, indigo, and turquoise. On the pebble beach bushels of orange peels, their fragrance mingled with the salt air, were drying in the sun; farther up, kneeling in baskets on the bank of a back water, were scores of washerwomen, soaping and scrubbing part of the varied trousseaux of the passing world, sauntering this bright morning along the Promenade des Anglais, in front of my good hotel, edging the azure bay in a broad, pearly white stretch of cement, and skirted by a roadway lined with hotels and villas—the latter ivory white against the intense blue of the sky, their gardens luxuriant in palms and cypresses and choked with flowers and growing things, the verdure itself dulled to an olive gray from exposure to the sea winds. Standing out from all this, midway along this famous promenade, rises, from the blue sea, an Oriental, mosque-like pavilion, “The Casino de Jetty,” under whose iron piling the Mediterra-

Follwers, Sunshine, and Baccarat

nean swashes; and, beyond this, loom mountains, dove gray, amethyst, and snow capped. The very sunlight itself seems full of electricity, exhilarating one's spirits and resting one's nerves.

The types before noon along this splendid promenade are a study. It is an ever-moving, cosmopolitan multitude—Parisians; Russians; pretty girls; Englishmen, in white flannels; staid old ladies, in wheeled chairs; alert Americans; lazy, rich planters from Brazil; Austrian officers on leave; mean-looking, hard-jawed gamblers; children; Chinamen of rank; people from the East and people from Guatemala; clean-cut sailors, off from some neighboring yacht; even a proud little Tyrolean, who, with his bare knees and elaborately embroidered trousers, swings down the broad stretch, glad that he is alive, his wide-brimmed Tyrolean hat cocked to one side.

Can this really be France? And yet a fifteen-centime stamp sends a letter back to cold Paris, which is an excellent proof that one has not yet crossed the frontier.

History relates that this modern, pleasure-loving, extravagant town was a bishop's see

from the third century, and that, as a feudal city in the Middle Ages, it was infested by pirates, some of whose descendants have evidently continued to the present day. A few of these have taken to the strenuous life of hack-driving, others to the cooking and serving of hot birds and cold bottles. They squabbled for years over this pretty town. It was not until the Princes of Savoy, in 1388, gained possession of this now fashionable resort that the King of France began to covet it. Three times it was heavily besieged, and for a long period the French, the Piedmontois, and the Spaniards fought over its possession. Finally, in 1860, after years of vicissitudes, Nice was united to France, and since then the wheel of fortune has continued to spin merrily.

One must not go to Nice in the height of the season to rest—not, at least, if he expects to follow the crowd during his waking hours. Once out of the season—in fact, the very day the season closes—Nice becomes as dead as an unsuccessful summer-resort in zero weather. The cafés and restaurants, which have been kept ablaze from January until April, are then suddenly closed, locked, and bolted, until another

Flowers, Sunshine, and Baccarat

season brings the stranger and his bank account to their doors.

If there ever was a place where the old adage holds good about making hay while the sun shines, it is within the limits of this fashionable town and the recently developed suburbs on its surrounding hills. The yearly crop which these good Niçois gather in would, it seems, make the most modest landlord or restaurateur a multi-millionaire, and yet possibly in no other resort possessing its extravagant life can one live at such varied cost.

The Baron X—— is luxuriously established in a superb, white marble villa, half hidden in a fine old garden containing his porter's lodge, his stables, and thoroughbreds; while modest Monsieur Toupin, who has, I am sure, a better time than the baron, is comfortably installed within four walls, whose daily rental would not buy the baron his gold-tipped cigarettes for the afternoon.

Should you enter the mosque-like Casino de Jetty after lunch, you will find its domed auditorium leading to its theater crowded with those lounging in the wicker chairs, sipping mild drinks and listening to the strains of a sympho-

Parisians out of Doors

ny orchestra. Among the cosmopolitan crowd are many families, who, with their children, have come to spend the afternoon.

Opening on either side of this domed auditorium are two long, rectangular rooms. It is immaterial which room you select to stroll into—the game and the clientèle are precisely the same in both, and each contains the same absorbed, silent throng, crowded about the long “petits chevaux” table.

The melody of a delicious nocturne floats in, mingled with the vicious clink of silver and gold.

Riffs of cigarette smoke hang lazily over the green table—brilliant green under the shaded lights. Sundry old women have been sitting there for hours, marking, in well-thumbed memorandum-books, the sequence of winning numbers and of “pair” and “impair,” and cautiously, from time to time, risking a franc, exchanging now and then a few syllables with the ever-alert croupier over their luck. Conservative-looking spinsters, fat gamblers, lean gamblers, and the rich class from the gilded hotels are touching elbows in this throng.

The croupier is standing before a wide, pol-

Flowers, Sunshine, and Baccarat

ished, concave disk of mahogany, upon each segment of which is painted a horse and jockey. The center of this concave table is mounted with a polished cone, surrounded by tiny cups, corresponding with the number of each horse, and into which, hour after hour, rolls capriciously the rubber ball which robs you or fills your pockets as pure chance directs it.

“*Messieurs, Mesdames*,” cries the croupier, a slim young man with blond hair, who looks more like a bank clerk than the type of croupier we read about in novels, “*Messieurs, Mesdames, faites vos jeux.*”

“*Les jeux sont faits !*”

“*Rien ne va plus.*”

A tense silence follows, for the long green table with its squares and numbers is well plastered with francs, five-franc pieces, and here and there a sprinkling of bright gold, a louis on the six and a ten-franc piece on the three.

“*Rien ne va plus.*” the croupier is obliged to repeat sternly, as a few hesitate until the last moment before the ball is rolled, then endeavor to place their bets, which are politely but tersely refused.

The rolling rubber ball circles the polished

Parisians out of Doors

table at random, is thrown out of its direct course by one of the small projections, gravitates toward the center, oscillates between four and one, and finally settles in the little cup corresponding to number six.

“Le six!” cries the croupier.

And the banker on his right sweeps in handfuls of silver and gold with his slender, springy rake, paying a nearsighted old gentleman in the corner thirty-five francs for his lucky five francs on six, and one hundred and forty francs to a young girl whose eyes are shining at the extreme end of the board for her winning stake of a louis on the lucky number. Simultaneously he makes change for a hundred-franc note to some one else, and showers five francs change, skilfully dropping all five pieces directly in front of the thin hands of a little old lady in a blue veil three yards away, and pays one franc for one franc placed on “even”—all of which takes less time than it does to count twenty; and, with the same strident, measured tone, the croupier cries again:

“Messieurs, Mesdames, faites vos jeux.”

The violins are moaning. A few, grumbling at their ill luck, turn away from the table in dis-

Flowers, Sunshine, and Baccarat

gust at being so stupid as to risk their money. Their chairs are eagerly filled, for the majority stay—stay feverishly—winning—losing—stay until seven o'clock, when the several polite bankers and croupiers sweep in the last franc of the final coup with the rest the establishment has won that afternoon, and, like a file of undertakers, gravely lift out from their sockets the wooden money boxes, heavy with silver, pick up their rakes and the small steel coffers, light with bank-notes, and, unceremoniously “closing” the table, go to an economical dinner.

The orchestra has ceased playing; only the bass viols are visible, propped up among the empty chairs of the musicians. The restaurant within the casino, built over the swashing blue sea, is rapidly filling with diners.

The interior of this restaurant is unique, for it is purely Chinese throughout in its decoration, with its walls and columns in imitation of scarlet lacquer.

You may, however, still find a crowd around the baccarat tables, in the more exclusive club adjoining, and, having presented your personal credentials of identity, you will be allowed to enter. The interior of the baccarat rooms re-

Parisians out of Doors

sembles that of an exclusive private club, with reading-rooms and a charming, glass-covered portico, where one can lounge over afternoon tea. Opening into these are the gambling-rooms, but there is a far different class of players about these baccarat tables—fashionably gowned women and their husbands, who have dropped in after a drive; old beaux who, being still young and for half a century blasé, and, having amassed a comfortable fortune, find a more moderate game of cards dull. Here, too, is the drift of idle swelldom: Brazilians and Spaniards of rank, or the reverse, and others who live or die by the game. The stakes are high, thousands of francs often at a coup.

If I seem in these pages to accent, out of all proportion to the daily life in this fair, sunny land, this malady of gambling along the Riviera, I can only testify that it is of the most vital, daily interest, from morning until night, of almost the entire visiting and resident population, and pervades every class of society—from poor to rich. Just as to Beyreuth one goes to hear music, so the monde go to Nice and Monte Carlo to gamble.

But it is high time to get a breath of fresh air

Flowers, Sunshine, and Baccarat

before dressing for dinner. As you come out of the Casino, its big dome, towering against the night, has turned to silver in the moonlight, and the two-windowed minarets flanking it are illumined with a red light. within, reflected in the heavy sea in wriggling scarlet ribbons. A searchlight from the summit of another minaret in the group flashes its white pencil of light among the trees and shrubbery of the public garden; now it follows some lonely pedestrian who is taking a breath of sea-air along the promenade, streaking an inky shadow in front of him, or interrupts a pair of lovers in their walk; then, as if apologizing for its intrusion, the great light wheels capriciously at right angles, lancing its intense ray far out to sea, discovers some fishing craft making for port, and, suddenly taking a fresh whim, plays detective again in town.

It is blowing up colder. Like all these Mediterranean resorts, even in this summery mid-winter, the moment the sun sinks the thermometer drops surprisingly. Before noon those who have idled in flannels have been grateful to lunch in woolens; even at two o'clock in the bright sun it has grown chilly with the breeze

Parisians out of Doors

from the sea; so much so that by four you will welcome a warm overcoat. Still later the wind will die down, and when you take a long breath beneath the stars it will be sweet with the pure night-air and the scent of flowers.

And at night the little city is bright with lights and animated with an ever-moving throng along the main thoroughfares, its public squares and its shop-windows filled with pretty things from London, Paris, and Vienna.

It is difficult to know where to dine, for Nice is honeycombed with brasseries, bars, cafés, and restaurants. There are so many places ever ready with a bird, a bottle, and a bill; and there are scores of them, the cheaper class, adapted to the purses of the modest traveler and those who came in splendor and backed one of those sure systems at roulette; and there are others whose wines are famous and cuisines irreproachable, and at a cost corresponding to their exclusive luxuriousness—all more or less under the direction of that shrewd director, the wheel of fortune, and that dictatorial and capricious rubber ball.

You will find a formidable rival to the Casino de Jetty in the big Casino Municipal,



THE GYPSIES IN THE FÊTE OF FLOWERS.

Parisians out of Doors

and here, together with hundreds of strangers, come the townspeople.

The glass-roofed auditorium is vast, the floor laid out in a veritable garden, and the music excellent.

Here, too, as in its rival establishment, are a handsome theater and gaming-rooms, and, sweeping up from the main floor, a pretentious-looking stairway which leads to the baccarat rooms and restaurant above.

On Sundays the good Niçois flock in numbers, for it is then that the little merchants of the town come to play with the one or two or more louis they have managed to save from their week's profit.

If you would see the chic monde, then dine some evening in the restaurant adjoining these baccarat-rooms, which is nightly crowded with fashionables; or you may drop in to the "Posada," where most of the men who are not in their clubs congregate for a chat, a cocktail, or an excellent dinner prepared by an Austrian chef; or find an excellent dinner at a most moderate price in the "Restaurant des Gourmets." Or, if your purse be a generous one, you may dine at the Régence or at the

Flowers, Sunshine, and Baccarat

“Helder-Armenonville”; and later, much later, sup at a miniature Maxims, known as Ernest’s Bar, which closes long after dawn; or you may go, with the most conservative and the gay, together to Vogade’s pastry-shop for afternoon tea.

It is not a quiet life that has been transplanted here from Paris; indeed, Paris is restful compared with it, and it is a wise Republic which forbids public gambling within the walls of its capital.

To-day the sea, shimmering through a pearly mist, is again amethyst and turquoise. On my way to Cannes this morning I pass the French fleet of warships, the smoke rising from their funnels, for they, with half a dozen torpedo destroyers, are about to leave for the pretty harbor of Villefranche.

Cannes, with its picturesque quay, its fishing-boats, and its simpler life of the smart world, is less artificial than Nice. There is a strong Italian atmosphere about this pretty harbor of Cannes; indeed, the whole local color of this portion of the Riviera is Italian, it being somewhat masked in the développement of its popular

Parisians out of Doors

resorts by a French touch of formal artificiality.

And in the midst of it all I found a spot where, had I been led to it blindfolded instead of in an automobile with my eyes open, I should have believed I had suddenly awakened in America. This was the golf club at La Napoule, a few miles from Cannes. The green course surrounded by hills, the absence of that typically French tree, the poplar, in the intervening stretches of woodland, made it strikingly like the country about Tuxedo. Even the club-house itself, being half timbered, was of Anglo-Saxon design. A comfortable club-house it was, too, with generous dressing-rooms and wood fires and a hospitable-looking hall. It was a rest from the artificial life of the city of carnival, gaming, and fêtes.

Here, at last, was a healthy game and a healthy, open-air-loving lot of men and women, who had spent all the morning on the green links and were now returning hungry to the club-house for a wholesome luncheon served upon a horseshoe table in a big, cheery room—one of those plain English repasts that, being devoid of truffles and rich sauces and cordon

Flowers, Sunshine, and Boccarat

bleu seasoning, or any other kind, be it said, permits one safely to play golf for the rest of the afternoon.

The French and Italian caddy is a study. He, of course, lacks the traditional "Hoot, mon!" accent, and the game is as strange to him as football to a Hottentot. I noticed, too, that the scarlet-coated stewards spoke fluent cockney English, and that half at least of the merry company at luncheon were seasoned Parisians who loved an outdoor life, and who, with the English and American members, had become zealous devotees of a game which has come to stay—a game which, over those velvety links, taxed the skill and patience of a grand duke that day and kept a score or more of lesser nobility and fashionables on the move from early morning until dark.

Up a crooked wood road, leading from these links, a fresh, cool byway that reminded me of a favorite partridge cover across the sea, and just over the crest of a pretty hill, lay nestled upon the very edge of the blue Mediterranean the primitive settlement of La Napoule. Once more I had stepped into France, for La Napoule is typically French, with its low-roofed inn and

Parisians out of Doors

its cluster of small, iron tables in front, at which, here and there among the little groups now having tea, were sundry old Frenchmen sipping a mild absinthe or a groseille and gazing out to sea.

An hour more and I am back in Nice. I wander in a quarter of Nice which the landscape gardener and the formal architect have neglected, a quarter of quaint slits of streets. Should you chance to stroll through them, you will be quite sure to stumble upon the flower-market, filled with little carts loaded with armfuls of fragrant violets, bushels of pinks, bunches upon bunches of exquisite roses, one small variety crisp and delicate, a pale yellow tinged with pink, as if they blushed, poor little things, at being exposed for sale.

And the markets themselves are overflowing in good things for the Parisian and his villa—oysters in endless variety packed on their beds of seaweed, and lobsters and game from Corsica, with almost every known fruit and vegetable in abundance from the neighboring hill-sides.

In a few days Nice will be ablaze with frolic and high carnival. Already long lines of poles

have been erected along the thoroughfares, and an army of workmen are festooning garlands of electric bulbs and artificial flowers.

A grotesque, colossal beast, half dragon, half walrus, dominates the public square. Before many nights have passed King Carnival will take possession of the city. Then no one will go to bed; they will eat, drink, dance, and be merry, and the streets will be choked with confetti; you will wade in it, and it will get down your back and into your hair, and, for months afterward, the trim bits of colored paper will stick to your belongings; but you will not care, because during those days of carnival you will be quite as crazy and merry as the rest.

And yet I know one refuge within this whirligig of a town, and that is my good Hôtel des Anglais. There is a certain perfection about the comfort within and a freedom from the gilt and tinsel that characterizes hundreds of other caravansaries where one is pigeon-holed with a traveling public, whose presence is tolerated solely for their pocketbooks.

Within this good hotel of mine were men and women keen to the refinement of life in

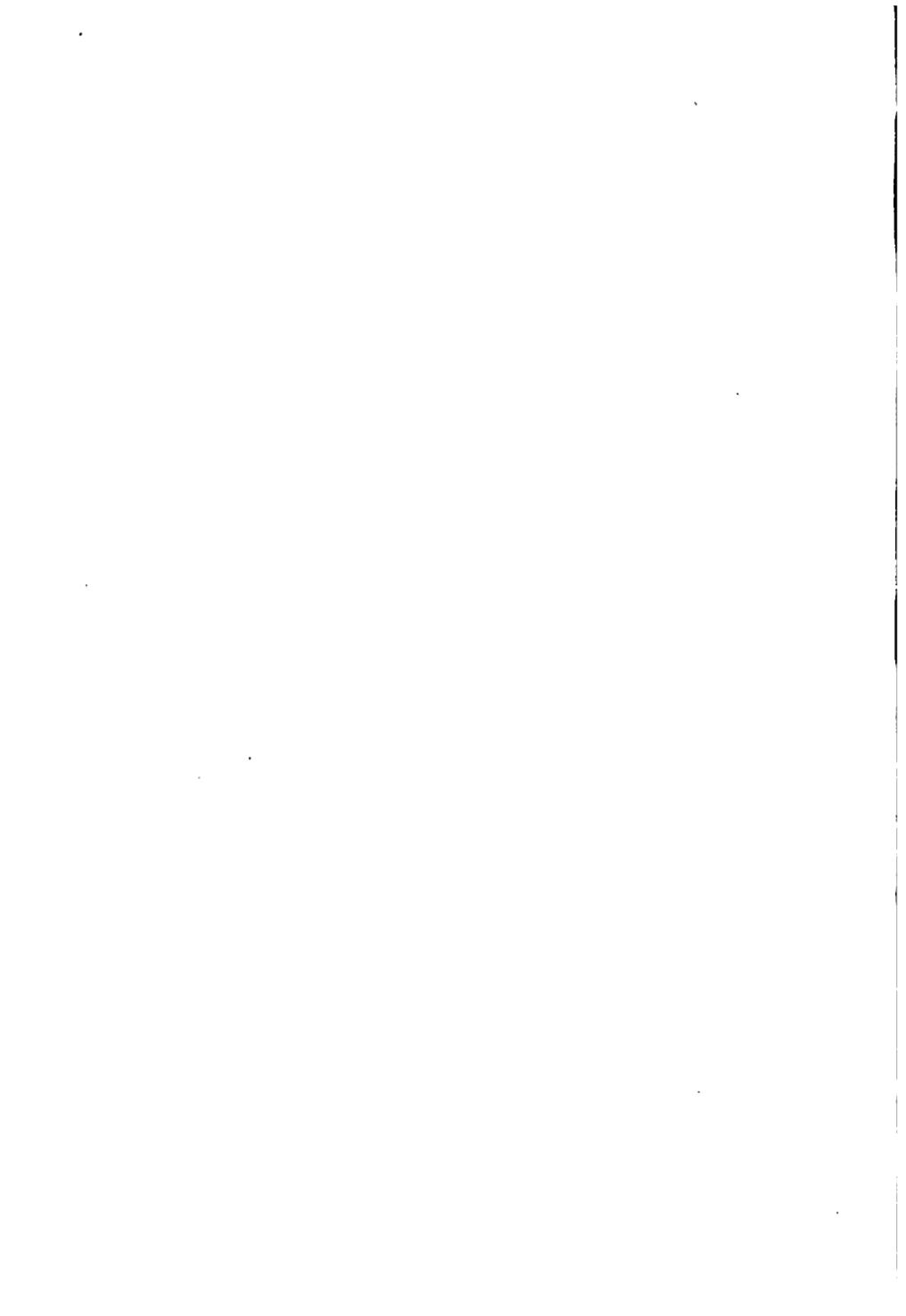
Parisians out of Doors

their own homes, and who knew the best to be found thereof outside of them.

Carnival will be gay and feverish and joyous, and, like Nice itself, altho one of the most beautiful spots in the wide world, yet as artificial as a paper rose.

CHAPTER IX

Monte Carlo





CHAPTER IX

Monte Carlo

THE crowded elevator ascended slowly above the roofs of the town. Through the glass sides of the car one could now look down upon the blue Mediterranean and a vast sweep of coast. Towering up from the sapphire sea were mountains of granite, specked here and there with some aerie of a village that had managed to gain a foothold. The ragged edges of these Alpine peaks stood out clean cut against a spotless vault of blue.

Altho this crowded car, mounting to the level of the casino gardens, was packed to the doors with fresh arrivals by the express which was rushing into the station, one could now have heard a pin drop within. Few took the trouble to gaze down at the blue sea, and none spoke or smiled. Their minds were otherwise occupied.

A rushing sound of water, a gentle stopping,

Parisians out of Doors

and the glass door imprisoning this nervous, silent throng jarred open, level with the immaculate gardens surrounding the Casino of Monte Carlo.

The very beauty of the place took one's breath away. The silence was uncanny.

A woman and a man were waiting for the car to descend. I noticed that the woman had drawn down her veil, and that her eyes were red and wet with tears. The man was telling her she was "a fool to have risked the thousand-franc note"; he would telegraph and see what could be done.

Along the spotless little paths winding in and out among flowers and shrubbery, each leaf of which shone as if it had been washed by hand, and along the broad, graveled esplanade skirted by a parapet overlooking the sea, were hundreds promenading, and yet there was no babble of voices; people spoke in lowered tones, as they would within a church.

Crowning the garden, rose majestically the pure white casino, dominating, luxurious, like a carved pearl among the setting of green and the granite Alps. It was strikingly like a scene upon the stage. I walked to the edge of the

Monte Carlo

parapet overlooking the sea and gazed over. Below lay a semicircular path of velvety grass. I heard through the stillness the faint click of a pigeon-trap, and saw a darting spot of gray spring from the green; then a "hammerless" cracked savagely, and the spot of gray tumbled, fluttered, and lay still. A sleek pointer slipped out and brought in the spot. And I understood why some gentlemen prefer to shoot pigeons under an assumed name. When one grows tired of baccarat, roulette, or trente et quarante, one can still gamble over the slaughter and maiming of a domestic bird.

Monte Carlo impressed me that afternoon as some ethereal and uncanny fairyland, not part of this earth, like some mirage poised over a breathless blue sea.

It was sunset when I left the gardens and found the main entrance to the casino, fronting a huge square, circled by lights from the brilliant cafés.

The public were ascending the broad, white marble steps of the casino, and three automobiles had just growled up to the entrance with fresh arrivals. An intelligent body of clerks and assistants were in session in a room to the

THE CASINO—MONTE CARLO



Monte Carlo

left, busy over the identification of strangers and the renewing of entrance cards to those whose name, nationality, occupation, and address were already put down on the books of the administration.

The interior casino reminded me of some great bank or clearing-house; it had the air about it of vast capital and solidity.

To the right of the vestibule was a spacious coat-room, with a perfect system for stowing away, by means of dumb-waiters, one's belongings and restoring them gratuitously to their owners as promptly as a librarian finds a popular book in a public library.

The vestibule itself led to a richly decorated marble corridor, animated with those who had strolled out from the heated gaming-rooms to stretch their legs in a promenade and smoke or consult the bulletin of latest despatches from the outside world. The superb Salle des Fêtes beyond was crowded with those who had dropped in to rest and listen to a classical concert.

Moving ceaselessly in the throng in the corridor, or resting on the high-backed divans were tall, bearded Russians, well-groomed English-

men, long-haired and spectacled Germans, scientists, beautiful women glittering in jewels, the highest of nobility, and the lowest of the aristocracy, and vice versa; eccentric old women, habituées of the gaming-room from morning until night, carrying velvet reticules on their feeble, skinny arms, bedecked and bejeweled with the heirlooms gathered from the attics of their grandmothers, their wrinkled claws glittering in old mine diamonds; Greeks, Turks, Arabs, and Armenians; bon vivants and blasé Parisians, a king's counselor, young diplomats on leave, genial Hungarians and matter-of-fact business men from Stuttgart, Munich, and Berlin; adventuresses, rich Swedes from Stockholm, conservative English and American ladies of varied ages with a weakness for gambling; rich Americans, some off their own yachts lying at anchor in the harbor on an idle winter's cruise; criminals; Viennese, Parisian, and Italian women; men celebrated in art and letters; crooks, philanthropists, inventors, and mathematicians—all here for one common purpose, and all strenuously intent upon it—a feverish intensity which flushed the cheeks of the women and sent the men striding nervously over

Monte Carlo

the clean mosaic floor, thinking hard over their losses or their winnings, and trying to solve that ever-present problem how to recover the former or double the latter.

The air within the high-ceiled palatial series of gaming-rooms is vitiated and stifling hot, no attempt in the winter being made by the administration to ventilate these rich interiors. It was that peculiar kind of heat which gives one a dull headache and sends the blood to the head, and as a result people become nervous and excited in play.

About each roulette and trente et quarante table the crowd is densely packed. The silence in this vitiated air is oppressive, only relieved by the dull murmuring of thousands, the terse voices of the various croupiers, and the incessant chink of silver and gold. Hour after hour, without a minute's cessation from morning until midnight, within these ornate, dignified, and silent rooms, you will see whole fortunes change hands, until gold and bank-notes appear to you as having as little value as two fists full of sand.

“One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight —twelve!” counts the banker, pushing twelve thousand franc notes to a lucky gentleman in a

Parisians out of Doors

white waistcoat, with no more evident surprise or regret on the banker's countenance than if they were made of tissue paper.

It is now nearly seven o'clock. Many of the men in evening dress have returned to play before dinner, and scores of the women are in décolleté gowns, wearing a lavish display of precious stones. At no hour during the day and until the bank closes at midnight does the magnet cease to attract. When the monde is dining, the crowd in the great gaming salons begins to thin out a little, but even at this hour it is hardly perceptible, for there are others taking advantage of the dining hour to obtain seats at the tables.

Opening out from the original gaming-rooms is a new addition, a superb white salon with a cool and restful café at either end. This white salon commands a view of the blue sea, and rare shrubs creep up to its broad windows; its ceiling is festooned with a series of giant brooches of crystal lights. This fine new room contains two gaming tables, one for trente et quarante the other for roulette. At the latter, wedged in among the throng, sits a wizened lit-



ONE OF THE GAMBLING HALLS—MONTE CARLO

tle man with a bald head. He is clean shaven, with small, mean, little eyes and a hooked chin accenting a mouth firm as a vise and with lips as thin as a cent. Heaped about his nervous little hands are stacks of gold and five-franc pieces. His short, red neck seems to be harassed by his collar, for he keeps jerking his bald head nervously from side to side between each spin of the wheel, and fingering his fortune incessantly, his avaricious, stubby hands trembling as he places his stakes, then turning savagely in his excitement and scowling at those watching him, especially if he loses. On his cheek-bones glow two scarlet spots; his mean little hands tremble so with greed that it is only with difficulty he is able to stack his winnings beside his capital. He is only one type among thousands, but the malady within him is the same.

Among the throng at the roulette table is a pretty woman, whose golden purse is bulging full of louis—the *bank's* louis, which is altogether another story. This fascinating little Parisienne is fairly hugging herself with joy and playing, I must confess, rather recklessly with her well-filled purse of gold. A little later her merry dimples have all flown, she is even pouting, and

Monte Carlo

still later two serious furrows have appeared, contracting her delicately penciled eyebrows, and she has grown a little pale. The gilt purse is getting flatter; it has even begun to sag at the corners.

Later I came across this disconsolate mademoiselle, sipping a hurried champagne cocktail in the bar adjoining the *Café de Paris*, and explaining to an intimate friend, who was a man wise enough to play sparingly, that she had lost fifteen hundred francs.

"But why, my child," replied this good counselor, "did you insist on staying there so long? Your purse was full. You women are never content!"

And mademoiselle shed three tears, shrugged her shoulders, and with a sigh flew to dress for dinner.

Let us reenter the gaming-rooms and watch the faces of those seated beneath the cluster of lamps, with their circular, green-fringed shades shedding a soft, steady light over the tables. High up on the walls, paneled with the works of some of the best French painters, and out of reach of the public, are flamboyant brackets, bearing other oil-lamps; and above

these a mellow series of electric bulbs. It is a wise forethought. Were it all electricity, a well-organized band might snip the wires and in the darkness rob the tables. These lamps are constantly being cared for by noiseless attendants. You will find hundreds under these mellow lights playing hour after hour, many not even stopping to eat, all under the same feverish spell; and others moving about them on the outer edge, who stop here and there to risk a hundred francs or a louis, taking their winnings and losses as coolly as they would a point in a game of checkers.

At one of the trente et quarante tables sits a heavy, thick-set, intelligent-looking foreigner, with a shock of black hair. One might take him for some celebrated savant or inventor. His eyes are merry, and there is a certain keen, intelligent light in them as he plays. Now and then he peers over his gold-rimmed glasses, making a mental note of the preceding sequence of plays and punching with a pin a tiny diagram before him.

Ah! he has risked the maximum stake, laying twelve thousand francs in a single crisp bundle on the red and—loses. He shrugs his

shoulders and smiles, punching the pin again in the diagram and turning to his companion at his elbow, a woman in scarlet. Her brilliant costume, with its red hat and veil, and her sharply cut features and high arched black eyebrows remind one of Mephisto seated by the side of Faust.

“*Messieurs, Mesdames, faites vos jeux,*” drones the banker.

Again the foreigner places twelve thousand francs on the red.

“*Les jeux sont faits?*” adds the croupier.

The table is hushed.

“*Les jeux sont faits?*” the banker repeats, ending in clear, measured, funereal tones after a careful, quick scrutiny of the table.

“*Rien ne va plus!*”

And now the banker, with silent ceremony, turns up the cards one after the other.

“*Couleur gagne,*” he cries.

The red wins, and the man with the shock of hair has added twelve thousand francs to his folded packets of notes tucked beside his memorandum. He smiles with a little touch of amused satisfaction.

Again he risks the maximum, and again

Parisians out of Doors

twelve one thousand franc notes are counted out, placed on top of his own twelve, and pushed toward him. He smiles good-humoredly.

The pile of bank-notes next to his memorandum is growing. He stops to fold them in packets of six thousand francs each.

The woman in scarlet beside him risks but a few louis at a stake, the bigger game being generaled by the man at her side.

Half an hour later he is obliged to place his purse of louis upon the crisp pile to keep it flat. He has won over one hundred thousand francs. He seems to be enjoying it as a man does an afternoon's good fishing.

There is never any outward evidence of the slightest sign of satisfaction or remorse on the part of the croupiers, even when the establishment is hard hit or when that sensational thing occurs one hears about, known as "breaking the bank," which event has assumed such exaggerated notoriety. In point of fact, "breaking the bank"—or, literally speaking, breaking one table—is not such an extreme rarity as many imagine, all that happens being that the

Monte Carlo

play is delayed at the table for about ten minutes, until the banker can send upstairs his statement and request for another fat packet of notes, when play is immediately resumed. It might be advisable to state that recently a most reliable pawnshop has been erected within convenient reach of the casino.

Here, too, at Monte Carlo I found the croupier a far different type of man than we read about. They are a quiet, scrupulously polite, intelligent brotherhood, many of whom profit by outside occupations between their short hours of duty, for they are changed continually throughout the day. Many who have wives and children lead domestic lives in their homes.

The history of this world-famous casino is interesting, for the enterprise passed through many vicissitudes and failures until, in 1861, cites that excellent authority, "V. B.," Monsieur François Blanc paid one million seven hundred thousand francs to the government of Monaco for the casino, then in construction and left unfinished through lack of funds. Things under Monsieur Blanc prospered. The opening of the railway in 1868 boomed the enterprise; previous to this Monte Carlo was ap-

proached with difficulty by sea, the gamblers being taken ashore in small boats.

Limouzin chronicles that the casino had the most primitive of beginnings, for the picturesque rock on which the casino now stands was overgrown with a tangled mass of old-fashioned herbs and bristled with cacti, whereas the now thickly settled lower town skirting the edge of the sea, known as the Condamine, was then filled with olive and lemon trees.

Into this picturesque neighborhood of the Condamine the first gambling table was brought. Proprietor after proprietor failed in the venture, altho later more advantageous gaming-rooms had been opened in what is now used as the barracks for the Princes' Guard of Honor, facing the palace of Monaco.

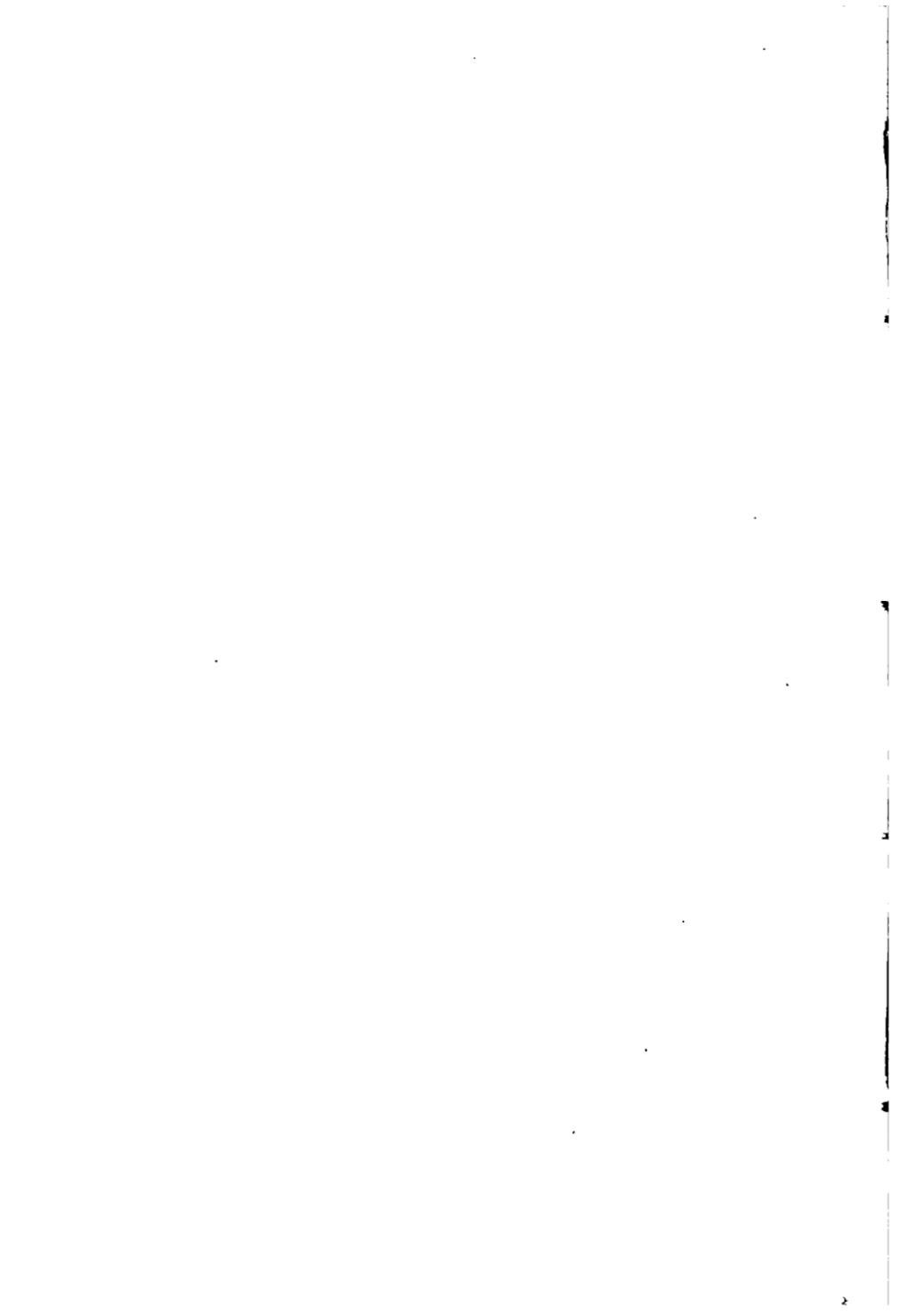
There was a brilliant banquet to inaugurate the opening of the room, at which men of wealth, high functionaries, and the nobility were present; but in spite of this patronage the enterprise soon failed.

In those days the croupiers had an easy time of it, says Monsieur Limouzin, and spent most of their days sunning themselves outside the casino; they even had a big telescope, with



[Drawn by Cardona]

“ WINNERS ”



Monte Carlo

which they anxiously searched the horizon for anything on wheels or on the sea which might bring to the table a stray player and his gold. The victim being sighted, they speedily withdrew to their places about the tables.

There was constant difficulty in getting to Monaco in those days. Often the weather was bad and the boat could not run, and the access by road too expensive or rough for the average visitor; and, again, an ancient custom of closing the gates of the town at midnight forced many to climb over the dangerous rocks or heavily bribe the guardian, whose income must have been large.

To-day this great enterprise belongs to Monsieur Camille Blanc and the shareholders, while the Prince of Monaco receives a yearly percentage for the right to gamble in his thriving principedom—an annuity large enough to keep a Crœsus in luxury.

As to the question of fairness at Monte Carlo, one might as well doubt the honesty of the Bank of England. Altho the chance is in favor of the bank, as every one knows, yet everything is done by experts to spin the wheel fairly, its delicate mechanism being tested daily, and the

Parisians out of Doors

croupiers being under strict orders and surveillance in regard to its spinning, they being obliged to go through a long and rigid course of instruction before they are allowed to preside at a table. In short, the establishment is not *obliged* to be unfair; besides, their reputation being at stake, they can afford to continue a fair game, for their profits are enormous, over eight millions of people having gambled in Monte Carlo in the past fifteen years.

The players are not so honest. It is no uncommon thing to have your winning stake grabbed from under your nose by a certain riffraff of eccentric or shady characters that, in spite of the utmost vigilance, hang about the tables. The croupiers, the bankers, the scores of detectives, and the "chefs," the latter whose business it is constantly to observe the stakes placed and to settle the disputes, can not in fact see everything; as a result, more or less skilful appropriation of another's winning goes on, making it safer around a crowded table to hand one's stake to one of the croupiers.

Money within these rooms, as I have said, seems to have lost all value. Bunches of notes are raked in or staked like so much salad, but,

Monte Carlo

once outside the casino, money has resumed its normal value to a centime.

Those who win have a way of regarding it, after all, as "the bank's money," and of strewing it around recklessly in expensive places like the Restaurant de Paris, which being under the same ownership and adjoining the casino, the "bank's money" finds its way quickly back to the coffers of the administration.

But to return to the casino. It is a relief to seek a cooler corner out of the heated atmosphere in one of the pretty cafés adjoining the white room. Here, at least, the air is fresh.

A forceful looking man, with bristling, white hair, is pacing the café, his strong thumbs in the armholes of his vest, smoking a cigarette. Every few moments he lays the glowing butt in a tiny ash-tray on a pedestal holding a superb Sèvres vase, for no smoking is allowed in the gaming-rooms; then he strides briskly back into the white room to risk a chance at trente et quarante, returning to his cigarette during each play. He is too nervous to watch his stakes; he is losing heavily. A plain-looking woman in black, evidently his wife, comes toward him, and an earnest conversation ensues

Parisians out of Doors

between them. He has lost all and is trying to persuade her to give him more. But the woman seems resolute. It is their all; you know this by the appealing, frightened look in her eyes. They are together in a corner now, he still arguing while he sips his coffee, she silent and determined. He strains every nerve to persuade her to yield; he must have one more chance. He tells her he will play it in small stakes—there will be less risk; and, woman-like, she yields, opening the leather bag and reluctantly passing him five hundred francs.

The sudden possession of the money is like a tonic to him. He jumps up, squares his shoulders, and strides back to the room. The woman is sitting motionless with folded hands, waiting his return.

The golden Louis XVI. clock above the buffet ticks pleasantly, people are chatting at the tables, the service is perfect and as noiseless as at one's club. The appointments are spotless, even to the delicate doilies on the silver trays.

Still the woman remains with folded hands, not daring to move. She sits there as if in a trance, until, starting suddenly, she looks up into the face of a man with white hair, a face

Monte Carlo

which is pale and twitching and haggard, and from which all hope has gone.

They do not exchange a word. The man courteously gives her his trembling arm, and together they move in the direction of the exit.

Monte Carlo is not gay. It is sad, depressing, and vicious. That suicides, robberies, and even murders occur is well known; yet the public seldom, if ever, hear about them, for in Monte Carlo one hears nothing, so vigilant and discreet and able is that ever-watchful army of detectives and police who have to deal daily with ruined and desperate humanity. The police are everywhere, "even in the trees," as an old habitué explained to me.

Coming out of the feverish, heated rooms in the crisp, cool twilight, the square in front, with its flowers and jewels of lights sparkling from the surrounding cafés, is a thing of beauty and as alluring as the glitter and smile of a dangerous woman. The great, scarred mountains fall about the scene like a scenic drop upon some giant stage; so real is the illusion that these gray mountains of rock seem to sway in the night-breeze, as if the stage-door to this exquisite Alpine inferno had been by accident left ajar.

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Around the edges of the glittering web lies the rest of the town, compact with expensive restaurants and hotels—a town all up hill and down, perfectly clean, and every vestige of it built especially for the visitor and well supplied with supper-rooms. There is a mountain Maxim's, known as La Festa, to go to after midnight; and a more modest and *intime* little place, tucked up a crooked hill at the top of a rocky flight of stairs, the Rocher de Cancale and Ciro's—the rendezvous of rich families; and dozens of others, where the idler follows the idle and is merry withal. Restaurants like that of the Café de Paris, with its lavish Indian interior and its fine grill-room—all these and many more for those who have won, and obscure refuges for those who have lost. Idle in these latter, my friend, if you wish to see humanity. You will get a better idea of the might and cruelty of that gilded palace, which, like the vulture, is no respecter of persons and knows no pity.

Most of the standing army of "spotless town" were already on their feet as I trudged up the bricked and cobbled way the next

Monte Carlo

morning leading to the palace square of Monaco.

The ancient incline zigzags up about the battlements of the old fortress, now running under the cool shadow of an archway, now skirting a massive wall green with the ooze of centuries, pierced here and there by a barred hole, dimly lighting some grim dungeon. Up, up, I mounted until I reached the cobbled square before the modern, block-like palace overlooking the sea.

Here, in a nutshell, was the smallest sovereign state in the world and the most independent. The very uniforms themselves of the sentries pacing the palace square seemed inappropriate. I had almost expected, instead of a soldier, the Knave of Hearts to ask me to give the countersign, and the King of Clubs to relieve me of my umbrella. I had seen the Knave of Hearts shower a fortune in the lap of the thrice-lucky stranger, and the King of Clubs relieve others of all they possessed, except their clothes and car-fare, on the summit of the adjoining hill with its gilded casino.

I passed three of a kind, but they turned out to be bakers on their jesting way to a noonday glass of beer.

Parisians out of Doors

Ah! and here was the policeman whose buttons shone, and across the way I caught a glance of the roguish, red-cheeked maid, scrubbing the immaculate steps of the house of the mayor who married the swains of this spotless town known by the name of Monaco.

Suddenly I was halted, at the palace gate, by a rigid little soldier, holding a gun that could shoot.

“Monsieur can not enter here,” said the little soldier.

“Why not, good friend?” quoth I.

“His Highness the Prince is at home,” quoth he.

“Is that the only reason?” I ventured.

“How many reasons do you want?” snapped the little soldier, somewhat flabbergasted at my still daring to remain in front of the royal gateway.

“Can’t I even see His Highness’s hanging gardens, or his court of honor, or the Roman tomb? I have come a long way; besides, he has got some of my money!”

But the little soldier only muttered something, wheeled about as if on a pivot, and went marching off up and down about his business of guarding, and I went my way.

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The palace, the standing army, and the formal little trees all might have been purchased in toyland, and neatly packed in a box with directions as to their nicest distribution — joyous game for some giant child! There was not as much as a scratch upon any of them. They were all of the most expensive kind.

Oh! see the gleaming cannons! The cannons protect the town. Can you see the cannon-balls in shining piles? How the stove polish on them shines! It was easier than scrubbing off the rust.

Down a neat white street had been placed the houses of the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker; and opposite, vieing in dustless cleanliness, stood the respective domiciles of the lawyer and the carpenter; and there were labyrinthian byways and narrow slits of alleys, crooked and flanked by little houses as white as lump-sugar.

Above the mass of roofs rose an ugly modern cathedral, and below it, in process of construction, the imposing museum of Oceanography—destined as an electric-lighted, luxurious, and free home for everything, from the humble clam to the snark.

Parisians out of Doors

All these were on the summit of the great rock, and far down below, about its worn base, eddied, swirled, and broke the edge of the sea, indigo, bright emerald, and sapphire.

Doves cooed among the leaves screening the balmy sun from the narrow, flower-choked paths, zigzagging down the precipice, the sheer, perpendicular front ablaze with scarlet flowers, masses of yellow and sturdy cacti—a very treasury of growing things, matted and clinging in the warm sun.

Laughing children, just out of school, passed, chattering in their Monegasque tongue, which is a language quite by itself and as unique as this miniature country, where the native pays no taxes.

Here it was calm, exquisite, and restful.

A bell from a hidden convent tolled the hour. The pure, balmy air, the wealth of flowers, and the sight of that vast blue ocean made one's heart light.

It was so very still, yet it was not that uncanny, feverish, unhealthy stillness that hung over the vicious, gilded rock, shimmering across the bay.

This rock with its spider web! Some of the

outlying threads of this web glistened in the sun. There were the railroad tracks fashioned by the spider to entice rich old beetles and gay butterflies from afar. There were even finer threads spun to points in the vicinity—these were the trolley-lines to ensnare the lesser insects.

“Come into my parlor,” said the spider, and they came in thousands on bright days like this.

Some of the moths escaped with a tattered wing. A few old beetles managed to get away with an extended leg. Many a bumblebee returned no more to his family. Many a hornet lost his sting. Still others were emptied of all save their shells. And guarded rumor has it that a jeweled lunar moth and an old wasp became hopelessly entangled and died.

While I lay and basked in the sun, I could make out the shining dome of the casino, glittering like a jewel in the center of the spider web. A white gull swept up from the sea and mounted in the clear, unfathomable dome of blue overhead.

Within that glittering jewel across the bay, at that very moment, when it was a joy to be out of doors, were clusters of lamps shedding

Parisians out of Doors

their steady light over the crowded tables, which hour by hour throughout this rare day were thronged by men and women, mingled in one common, greedy horde, deaf, dumb, and blind to anything save the spectral voice of the croupier, hard, cold, and unrelenting:

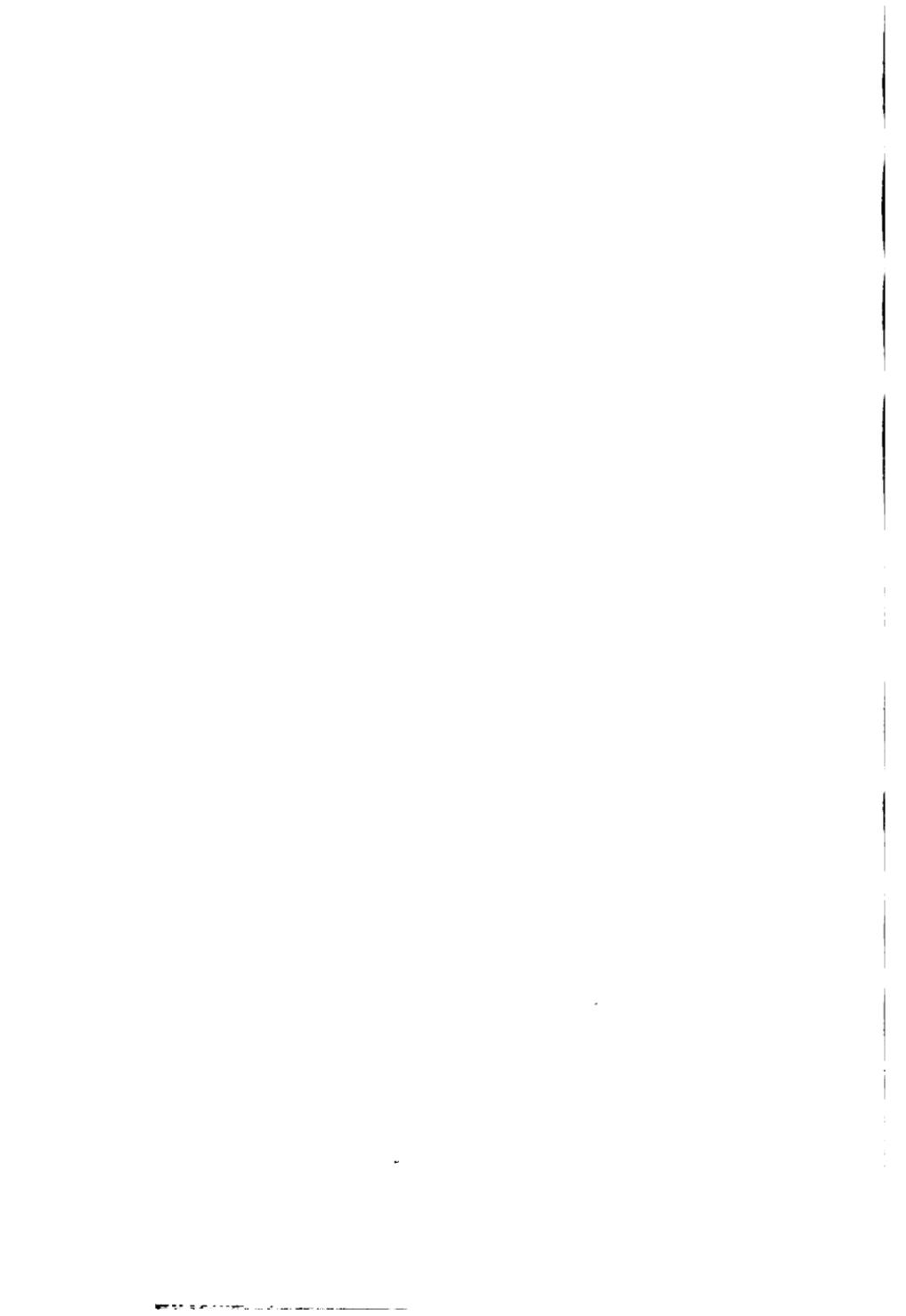
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